

*Sam. Eliot's*  
*N/66*

THE  
BANQUET  
OF  
XENOPHON.  
Done from the GREEK.

WITH AN  
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY  
CONCERNING THE  
DOCTRINE and DEATH of SOCRATES.

ADDRESSED TO  
LADY JEAN DOUGLAS.

BY  
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AN  
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY  
CONCERNING THE  
DOCTRINE and DEATH of SOCRATES.

ADDRESSED TO  
LADY JEAN DOUGLAS,  
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF HIS  
GRACE THE DUKE  
OF  
QUEENSBERRY AND DOVER,

MADAM,

**Y**OUNG as you are, I present you this translation of one of the most celebrated pieces of antiquity. The names of Socrates and Xenophon are in themselves sufficient to recom-

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mend it to all who have any love for learning or virtue: and though all the works of the latter have been justly esteemed, in all ages, master-pieces in their several kinds, yet none of them come up to this, for the fineness of thought, or beauty and easiness of expression.

Here you will find the immortal Socrates at a banquet with his friends, and friends worthy of him. It is here he laughs and is merry, enters into a great many facetious and diverting subjects, and complies with the customs that were usually observed at such entertainments, till in the end he leads them insensibly to the noblest notions of virtue and morality: and all this in a manner so very agreeable and instructive, that you can hardly distinguish between the jovial companion and the consummate philosopher.

I remember a story in one of the Roman authors concerning Augustus, the happiest of all the emperors. Among the other felicities of his reign, he enjoyed the conversation of a set of men, who, for politeness and learning, rendered that age the envy and admiration of all

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that have succeeded. One day, the Parthian ambassadors, coming to wait on Augustus, found him walking in his gallery between Virgil and Horace, leaning on their shoulders, in a most familiar manner. The Parthians, who had no taste of letters themselves, were surprised to see two private men thus caressed by the great master of the Roman empire. Which Augustus observing, told them plainly, he received more real content in the company of these, than in all the pomp of homage that was paid him by more than the half of the then known world; adding, in raillery, " Perhaps " you thought I was but ill situated, seeing " me walk between sighs and tears ;" alluding to Virgil's asthma, and Horace's bleary eyes.

I confess, in this I admire Augustus his true taste of happiness, and am entirely of his mind. But notwithstanding the just esteem I have for the memory of Virgil and Horace, and that I admire their works as the most excellent of all the Roman writers, I should yet have prefer-

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red the company and conversation of Socrates alone to both theirs.

It is reasonable, Madam, in order to create in you a just value for this piece, to give you a short account of the doctrine, virtues, and death, of this excellent man. Know, then, that Socratès was but of mean extraction, and born in a little village within the territories of Athens. He served his apprenticeship to his father as a statuary; and the statues of the Graces in their habits, which were preserved in the citadel of Athens with the greatest veneration for many ages afterwards, were said to have been of his workmanship.

Leaving that trade, he betook himself to the study of rhetoric, in which he so much excelled, that his enemy Aristophanes censures him, as one that was able to make the best cause out of the worst, by the mere force of his eloquence.

But afterwards disliking the quirks of the bar, as inconsistent with that strict and unbiased justice which he thought a good man should aim at, he applied himself to the study

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of natural philosophy, and was a hearer of Anaxagoras, the first philosopher who taught that the world was formed of Atoms. But observing, in process of time, how little that kind of knowledge conduced to the conduct and real happiness of human life, he gave himself up entirely to the study and practice of moral philosophy, and was the first that taught it publicly in Greece.

He had a great many scholars, who all of them revered him as a father, and admired his doctrine, and him, as the perfect model of virtue; of whom Xenophon was one.

It were too long for this short introduction, to give you the detail of all his maxims and precepts of morality, which are at length recorded by Xenophon in several of his other books, and by Plato, another of his scholars, in his DIALOGUES. But you may judge of his principles and opinions of morality, by those of his religion, which were chiefly these:

” “ That God was one, perfect in himself,  
“ giving the being and the well-being to e-

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“ very creature; yet what he is, said he, I  
“ know not; but what he is not, I know.  
“ That God, and not chance, made the world,  
“ and that it, and all things in it, are preserv-  
“ ed and conducted by his all-powerful and  
“ unerring providence. That the soul of man  
“ was immortal, and that the body, being a  
“ compounded substance, was dissolved by  
“ death; but the soul, being simple, passes  
“ into another state, incapable of corruption  
“ or annihilation. That the souls of good  
“ men, after death, are united to God in a  
“ blessed, inaccessible place. And that to some  
“ other place of horror, where there is no e-  
“ manations of divine favour, the souls of  
“ wicked men are carried away to suffer pu-  
“ nishment: but to define what and where  
“ these two places are, was far above the  
“ sphere of human knowlege. That God has  
“ imprinted into the soul of man a principle of  
“ reason, which he called, a ray of the di-  
“ vine nature. That that principle did of it-  
“ self direct a man to the exercise of virtue;  
“ But that he became wicked, when-ever he

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“ abandoned the dictates of that reason, to  
“ follow the impressions of sense. That tem-  
“ perance, justice, fortitude, patience, and all  
“ other virtues, intitled a man to the favour  
“ of God, as their contraries, to his wrath.  
“ That such was the divine goodness in it-  
“ self, and God’s beneficence to man, that he  
“ had implanted in his soul a power to be  
“ virtuous and good; and if he proved other-  
“ wise, he could not justly blame God for  
“ punishing him, either here or in another  
“ world. ”

This was the substance, Madam, of Socra-  
tes’s principles in religion; and his other o-  
pinions and maxims in philosophy, morality,  
and politics, were all of them founded upon  
them. Thus was this great man possessed of  
ideas about the immortality of the soul, and  
the certainty of a future state, not only much  
clearer than those the Jews had under the Mo-  
saic oeconomy, but such as come not much  
short of what has been reveled to us under  
the evangelical dispensation.

It has been the opinion of several divines,

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that God Almighty has been pleased sometimes to inspire even heathens with a true notion of religion and virtue: and if ever any of them was so inspired, it was Socrates, if he may deserve the name of a heathen, who maintained and died a martyr for the unity of a God: at least, he is a remarkable instance, to what heights of religion and virtue a man may arrive, through the mere force of reason, without the help of revelation.

But, Madam, though Socrates applied most of his time to the study and practice of virtue in a private capacity, he omitted no public occasion to serve his country, when-ever it came to be in danger from either domestic or foreign enemies. Being a mortal foe to tyrants and tyranny, whether the power was lodged in the populace, or in a few, he opposed them upon all occasions with an undaunted courage, and often exposed his life to imminent dangers on that account.

When Lyfander the Lacedaemonian had taken the city of Athens, he changed its antient government, and set over it thirty tyrants.

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These men put thirteen hundred of the best citizens to death without any trial, and committed so many barbarous cruelties, that their names are held in execration to this day. When, upon this occasion, the city was become a shambles, and every man endeavoured to make his escape from such a scene of horror and death, Socrates stirred not out of the gates, but, with his usual sedateness and constancy, spoke his mind freely in all places, what monsters of men they were that ruled Athens; and failed not to assist the dying, and the friends of the dead, with all the offices of friendship that were in his power to do them in their misery. Notwithstanding this his outbraving the tyrants to their faces, and at a time when a look, or a single word, was enough with them to lop off the best head in Athens, such was the veneration paid to Socrates, even by the worst of men, that he escaped their fury, though every day threatened with the same fate.

As he appeared upon these occasions for his country at home, so he was not wanting to it

in their wars abroad, especially when Athens and Sparta contended for the empire of Greece. In three famous battles that were fought between these two rival states, he was personally engaged, and signalized his courage. In one of them, he brought off his noble friend Alcibiades; and in another, Xenophon, when they were left for dead in the field. And when afterwards the Athenians were, according to custom, to confer a mark of honour on him that had fought best, the choice fell on Socrates, which he not only refused, but prevailed with them to transfer it upon Alcibiades.

Plato, who attended him in this war, gives the following account of his behaviour in it.

“ Socrates and Alcibiades, says he, served both  
 “ a-foot. But Socrates out-went the whole army in hardiness. If at any time provisions  
 “ grew scarce, as it frequently did in the course  
 “ of that war, not one could bear the want of  
 “ meat or drink like him. Yet at other times  
 “ when he was invited to feasting, he would  
 “ drink as heartily, and be as merry as any,  
 “ though for the most part he drank nothing

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“ at other times but water, and was never in  
“ his life drunk. The excess of cold, conti-  
“ nues Plato, which is very extraordinary in  
“ that country, he as easily endured; and  
“ when the soldiers never stirred out of their  
“ tents without furs and skins wrapped about  
“ them, he went along with them without any  
“ other clothes than those he usually wore.  
“ He walked barefoot upon the ice with less  
“ tenderness than others in shoes, to the won-  
“ der of the soldiers, who thought themselves  
“ reproached by his hardiness.”

Plato sums up his behaviour on this occa-  
sion with a remarkable story. “ His deep con-  
“ templation, says he, notwithstanding this  
“ violence of the cold, was no less worthy of  
“ admiration. One morning he fell into one  
“ of these raptures of contemplation, and con-  
“ tinued standing in the same posture till a-  
“ bout noon, that he was observed by some of  
“ the soldiers, who told it to their compani-  
“ ons. In the evening, some Ionian soldiers  
“ went out, and, wrapping themselves warm,  
“ lay down by him in the open field, to ob-

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“ serve if he would continue in that posture  
“ all night ; which he did until the morning,  
“ and as soon as the sun rose, he saluted it,  
“ and retired.

In the whole course of his life, he was not only an utter enemy to covetousness, but a resolute contemner of riches ; so that he never took money from his scholars, as other philosophers did. He refused the presents that were sent him from foreign princes ; and when Darius the king of Persia sent him one, worthy of so great a monarch, he desired the messenger to tell his master, “ He was willing to  
“ be in friendship with Darius, but not with  
“ his darics, the Persian coin.” Going through the public markets of Athens, he used to say, “ How many things are there in  
“ the world, that I have no need of ?” One of his maxims was this, “ That he that eats with  
“ an appetite needs no variety of food ; he  
“ that drinks only for thirst desires least  
“ change of liquor ; and, he that wants least,  
“ comes nearest to the gods.

This his contempt of the goods of fortune,

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Aristophanes himself takes notice of in a severe satire against him; which, though designed to expose him, yet out of the mouth of an enemy, proves an encomium. And thus he addresses him:

*Serious and musing, though we know thee well,  
For toil attends the search of knowledge still;  
Yet thou, eternal drudge, or sit or walk,  
Art never tir'd with pondering, or talk,  
Cold ne'er molests thee, nor the fond desire  
Of riches, or of dainties, fools admire.*

That Socrates had a daemon or genius that directed him in the whole course of his life, is not only positively affirmed by all his contemporaries, and agreed to by the most learned of the Greek and Roman writers afterwards; but it is likewise acknowledged by several of the primitive fathers of the Christian church, who scruple not to give it the name of his guardian angel: but after what manner it expressed itself to him, whether by an audible voice, or

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some other intelligible sign, they have not ventured to determine.

In whatever manner it was that this invincible attendant made its counsels known to him, we have many instances in Xenophon and Plato, of the good effects they had when obeyed, and of the bad ones when disobeyed, not only in the conduct of his own life, but with relation to others who happened to be in his company.

Of the latter we have a remarkable story in Plato, which is this. One Timarchus, a noble Athenian, being at dinner in company with Socrates, he rose up to go away; which Socrates observing, bad him sit down again; "For, said he, the daemon has just now given me the accustomed sign." Some little time after, Timarchus offered again to be gone, and Socrates once more stopped him, saying, he had the same sign repeated to him. At length, when Socrates was earnest in discourse, and did not mind him, Timarchus stole away, and in a few minutes after, committed a murder, for which

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which being carried to execution, his last words were, "That he had come to that untimely end for not obeying the daemon of Socrates."

Many of the Christian fathers were so far persuaded of the truth of this spiritual monitor, that when they come to prove, that God allows every good man a guardian angel, which was the received opinion among the primitive Christians, they bring in this daemon of Socrates as an instance of it. And others of the fathers, who were more rigid in their opinions about heathen virtue, yet when they come to mention this daemon, they allow Socrates to have been a good man, and this his daemon to have been such an angel, as that which appeared to Balaam to deter him from his wickedness.

Such sublime and uncommon virtue could hardly fail to create envy, especially considering the degenerate age he lived in, and the universal corruption of manners that then prevailed in Athens. Banishment or imprisonment had been

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of late the fate of the greatest and best men among them, and even Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles, all venerable names, men who had not only retrieved their ungrateful country from the brink of ruin, but raised it to its highest pitch of glory, as the reward of all their services, came to be banished their native soil, and some of them forced to implore for shelter those very princes and states they had once gloriously conquered. But Socrates was the first that I remember was put to death upon a formal trial, through the mere envy and ingratitude of his fellow citizens.

The first step to his fall was his disobliging the Sophists. These were a set of men that pretended to a more than ordinary share of learning, when at the same time all their boasted knowledge amounted to no more than high sounding words, and an affected eloquence. They had insinuated themselves into most of the noble families of Athens, under the pretence of instructing their children in the rules of rhetoric, that thereby they might raise themselves to the first posts in the state. The po-

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pulace, seeing these men caressed by their betters, came to think highly of them, and to believe they were indeed what they pretended to be. So that by this time they arrived to a mighty figure in the commonwealth, and proved formidable enemies to men of real learning or virtue. Such mountebanks in learning were not peculiar to Athens alone: for all ages and countries have abounded in them. We have heard of a man extolled to the skies for a great poet and a patron of the muses, for a poem that was said was none of his, or not all of it: and we have known a mechanic set up for a liberal profession, on the credit of two words\* of art he never understood.

Socrates found to his sad experience, how far the power of these Sophists reached. For having upon all occasions exposed the ignorance and pride of these vain pretenders, what they wanted in learning, they made up in malice and revenge against the man that endeavoured to undeceive the world about them.

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\* Alkali and Acid.

His reputation was so perfectly well established with all men of sense or virtue, that the Sophists were obliged to go to work gradually, to ruin him; and indeed had they bluntly at first brought a formal accusation against him, they had been hissed out of the Forum.

They began with insensibly undermining him in the opinion of the people, as a contemner of the gods: and indeed he gave them handle enough for this article, it being certain, that he was in his judgement against a plurality of gods, and used frequently to turn to ridicule the many fabulous legends of the numerous deities which the Athenians adored.

But though his whole system of religion was a contradiction to the gross idolatry of his country, it does not appear but that he expressed his opinion in these matters with the greatest caution, and chiefly to his scholars, and particular friends.

// We read in holy writ of an altar that was taken notice of by St. Paul at Athens, and inscribed, "To the Unknown God." I know there are different opinions about this altar, and upon

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what occasion it came to be erected: but it is very probable, and we have several of the antient historians and divines for vouchers, that it was done by Socrates. It seems, instead of raising an altar, as was the custom, to any of the fictitious gods of Greece, he took this way as the safest to express his devotion to the " True and " One God," of whom the Athenians had no notion, and whose incomprehensible being he insinuates, by that inscription, was far beyond the reach of theirs or his own understanding. And it is very reasonable to think, it was owing to the veneration they had for the memory of its founder, that it came to be preserved for so many ages after, though they understood not the sense of the inscription. "

Their next battery against him, was secretly to instil into the people, that he was a corrupter of youth, and endeavoured to persuade children to throw off their obedience to parents. This was a black and groundless calumny: for never man preached up the duty of children to parents more, or carried the

ties of nature further than Socrates. But it was to this perverted sense, they turned that mighty veneration that was paid him by his scholars, and that gratitude he recommended in his lessons, as due to those, who were so happy as to reclaim youth from the practice of vice, and establish them in the path of virtue.

They likewise in this part of their accusation wilfully misinterpreted that wonderful friendship which was between him and his scholars, and among his scholars one towards another. Their narrow souls, being incapable of that noble virtue themselves, thought it very impossible for one to entertain so perfect a friendship with another, unless he slackened the bonds of natural affection. Indeed no man ever reasoned better on friendship, or carried the obligation of it further than he: and the care his scholars took of his wife and children after his death, and the mutual good offices they did one another on all occasions, were convincing proofs of their profiting under such a master. But one of the most remark-

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able instances of friendship, that we read of, happened between three of them long after he was gone, which was this;

// Eudamidas, the Corinthian, dying poor, and Charixenus the Sycionian, and Aretheus, another Corinthian, being moderately rich, he made his will after this manner. " I bequeath  
" to Aretheus the maintenance of my mother, to support and maintain her in her  
" old-age; and to Charixenus, the care of  
" marrying my daughter, and to give her as  
" good a portion as he is able. And in case  
" any of these die, I hereby substitute the survivor in his place." This will was matter of laughter to all at first, till the executors, being acquainted with it, did heartily accept the legacies. And Charixenus happening to die five days after, the whole charge devolved upon Aretheus. He maintained the old woman with great care and tenderness to her death, and of five talents he had of estate, he gave two and a half in marriage with an only daughter he had of his own, and two and a half in

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marriage with the daughter of Eudamidas, and in one and the same day, solemnized both their nuptials. "

The Sophists having thus far plaid their engines against this excellent man, their next step was to sound how the Athenians would relish a public accusation, or entertain a charge against his life. In order to this, they set a-work Aristophanes, a mercenary, witty poet, to expose him on the stage, which he did with an equal share of wit and malice, in several of his plays, but more particularly that yet extant, intitled, *THE CLOUDS*. This was the boldest step that hitherto had been made on the theatre of Athens, to turn in ridicule any one by name, that had deserved well of his country. But it was yet more surprizing to see Socrates thus treated; a man of the most perfect character, and universally esteemed.

The Athenians, who were at first struck with astonishment at so bold an attempt, came in time to relish the wit of the play, and to be pleased with the action of the player that personated Socrates; so that the performance

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came to be highly applauded, and the poet as highly rewarded.

// Socrates, who went but seldom to the theatre, and that only when some piece of his friend Euripides was acted, would needs go to see himself exposed in Aristophanes's comedy, and chose the day of the feast of Bacchus, when there would be the greatest concourse from all parts of Greece, upon the account of that festival: he took the most conspicuous place; and when the strangers began to inquire of those that sat next to them, who this Socrates was they saw thus ridiculed? he rose up that they might see him, and continued in that posture smiling, during the whole play. One of his friends that came with him asking him if he was not vexed to see himself so treated; "Not at all, says he, for methinks I am at " a feast where every one has a share of me." //

The Athenians being after this manner artfully prepossessed against Socrates, first by the private whispers of his enemies the Sophists, and then by the public insinuations of their tool Aristophanes, ventured at last to bring

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a formal accusation against him before the senate, in these words: "Melitus the son of Melitus accuses Socrates the son of Sophroniscus. Socrates violates the law in not believing the deities which this city believes, but introduces other new gods. He violates likewise the law in corrupting youth. The punishment death."

Thus, Madam, to the eternal reproach of Athens, though the mother of arts and sciences, was one of the most irreproachable men that ever lived, for strictness of morals and purity of life, prosecuted at the bar as a corrupter of youth, and the most pious man, that the heathen world could boast of, arraigned for impiety.

The interval between his arraignment and trial, he employed in his usual philosophical exercises; and being questioned by his friends, why he did not provide for his defence? All the answer he made them was, "That he provided a sufficient apology in pursuing the constant course of his life." But they insisting, that the judges might be moved with

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the force of rhetoric, “ The truth is, replied he, I was twice going about to make my apology, but was twice with-held by my daemon.” They seeming to wonder at it, “ Is it strange, continued he, that God should think it fit that I die at this time? Hitherto no man has lived more uprightly, and that is now my solid comfort. If I live longer, I know I must undergo all the inconveniences of old-age, and among others, defects of hearing and seeing, loss of memory, and dulness of apprehension. How then can I be pleased to live longer, to become worse? It is likely, added he, that God in his love to me has ordained that I should die now at the most convenient age, and in the gentlest manner. For if I die by a public sentence, I am allowed what kind of death I please; and then I shall do nothing unworthy of myself, or of my friends. It is with good reason then, concluded Socrates, that God forbids me to make the defence you would have me; since, if it prove successful, I shall only stay longer in this state, to be taken a-

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“ way afterwards by the torture of some diseases, or the imperfections of decrepid age, neither of which are to be desired.”

The day of his trial being come, this illustrious criminal was brought to the bar, where his accusers exhausted all the topics of their rhetoric, to exasperate his judges against him, and make the most innocent of men appear guilty. During their harangues, the behaviour of Socrates was such as became the figure he had made, and the philosophy he had professed. He heard all their invectives with the same evenness of temper, sedateness of mind, and noble contempt of injuries, that he had always practised himself, and preached up to others in the whole course of his life. When his accusers had ended, and the judges had asked him, what he had to say for himself? He stood up, and with a mein and gesture more like one that was to sit upon the life and death of his judges, than to plead before them for his own life, he spoke to this purpose.

// “ I am afraid, my masters, said he, that if  
“ I intreat you to put me to death, I shall

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“ confirm what my enemies have insinuat-  
“ ed against me, as if I pretended to be wif-  
“ er than other men, and seemed to know  
“ more of the secrets of things that are above  
“ or below this orb we move in. I know ve-  
“ ry well I have never been acquainted with  
“ death, so as to know perfectly what it is, nor  
“ have I met with any one that can inform me.  
“ Such as fear death presuppose they know what  
“ it is; for myself, I have no distinct notion of  
“ it, or of what is done in the other world.  
“ Death, for ought I know, may be a thing  
“ in itself indifferent, perhaps it may be the  
“ thing of all most to be desired. Yet this I  
“ may say without offending you, if it be a  
“ transmigration out of one state into ano-  
“ ther, then it is a bettering of one’s conditi-  
“ on to go to live with men of unspotted vir-  
“ tue, who, in that other place, receive the re-  
“ ward of that virtue, and so be free from  
“ having any thing to do with unjust and  
“ corrupt judges. But on the other hand,  
“ my masters, if death be an annihilation of  
“ our being, then sure it is a bettering of

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“ one’s condition to enter into a long and  
 “ peaceable night, since we find there is no-  
 “ thing sweeter in life, than a quiet uninter-  
 “ rupted repose, or a profound sleep without  
 “ dreams. Those things that I know to be  
 “ evil in themselves, I have ever avoided;  
 “ such as to offend one’s neighbour, or diso-  
 “ bey our superiours, whether God or men:  
 “ but such things that I know not, whether  
 “ they be good or evil, them I do not fear.  
 “ If I die, and leave you behind me, the su-  
 “ preme being alone knows whether it will  
 “ prove better for you or me. Wherefore as  
 “ to what concerns me, do as you please; but  
 “ according to the method I have ever ob-  
 “ served hitherto, I affirm that you would  
 “ do your consciences more right to set me  
 “ at liberty, unless you see further into my,  
 “ cause than I do. I would have you judge  
 “ of me by my past life, both in a private and  
 “ public station, and according to the fruits  
 “ both young and old have reaped by my  
 “ instruction: and withal call to mind the  
 “ many services I have done my country. If

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“ you weigh matters in a just balance, in-  
“ stead of condemning me for imaginary  
“ crimes, you would do better, considering  
“ my poverty, to order me to be maintained  
“ out of the public treasury, a thing you have  
“ done for others that have not deserved bet-  
“ ter of the common-wealth. Impute it not  
“ to obstinacy or neglect, that I do not, ac-  
“ cording to custom, supplicate your favour,  
“ or implore your mercy. I want neither  
“ friends nor kindred to present themselves  
“ before you in mourning to move your pity,  
“ and have three young children that are suit-  
“ able objects for your compassion. But I  
“ should do a shame to Athens, at this age,  
“ and to the reputation I have had for wis-  
“ dom, if I should appear before you in any  
“ such abject posture. I have always admo-  
“ nished those that frequented my lectures,  
“ never to redeem their lives at the price of  
“ their honour : and in all the wars I have  
“ been engaged in for my country, I have gi-  
“ ven sufficient proof that I scorn to save my  
“ life by my shame. By any such mean sub-//

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" " missions I should injure your honour, as  
 " " though you were to be moved by pray-  
 " " ers, and not justice." You have taken an  
 " oath by the immortal gods, to be upright in  
 " your sentence ; and it were to wrong you,  
 " to suspect you would do otherwise. It is to  
 " these eternal arbiters of life and death I  
 " commit my cause, and hold myself assured  
 " that they will do in this what will be most  
 " fit both for you and me ; for good men,  
 " whether living or dead, have no reason to  
 " question the mercy of the gods." "

This is the scope, and almost the very words  
 of that extemporary speech of Socrates to his  
 judges, which for its native simplicity, and  
 withal an inimitable loftiness, does, in my o-  
 pinion, infinitely surpass all the studied ora-  
 tions of Demosthenes or Cicero. He had rea-  
 son to refuse to make use of the eloquent  
 speech which his scholar Lysis had prepared  
 for him. It might have been worthy of its au-  
 thor, but was unworthy of him. For had a  
 suppliant voice been heard out of the mouth  
 of

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of Socrates, that lofty virtue of his had struck fail in the height of its glory. It was not reasonable, that his rich and powerful nature should commit its defence to art, or that so bright a virtue should, in its severest and last proof, renounce truth and simplicity, the constant ornaments of his speaking, to adorn itself with the embellishments of rhetoric, or the labour of a premeditated speech. He acted wisely, and like himself, not to sully an unspotted life, and such a shining image of heroic virtue, by endeavouring to spin out a few more years of decrepid age, and thereby betray the immortal memory of his glorious end.

He was condemned to die by a great majority of voices, and sent to prison loaded with chains, where he continued till his execution. All which time he refused the often repeated offers of his friends to carry him off by force, asking them, " If they knew any place out of " the territories of Athens where death could " not come?" When almost tired out with

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// their importunities, his answer was, " That  
 // " their concern for him was much to be  
 // " praised, if it were agreeable to justice. That  
 // " he was condemned by them that had a right  
 // " to judge him, that if he should disappoint  
 // " their judgment, by violating the law, it  
 // " were to requite wrong with wrong. That  
 // " to break prison was not only a violation  
 // " of the laws of his country, which, as a  
 // " senator, he himself had sworn to maintain,  
 // " but it would endanger his friends, and all  
 // " this for a short span of life." Adding, " that  
 // " if he should make his escape, it would be  
 // " treachery, and then the remainder of his  
 // " life would never be the more happy, nor  
 // " himself better entertained in the next  
 // " world."

The time between his sentence and execu-  
 tion he spent in his usual lectures of morality  
 and virtue, but more now than ever, in rea-  
 soning about the immortality of the soul, and  
 the certainty of a future state, of all which we  
 have many fragments extant, but none more

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full and genuine than in the other works of Xenophon.

The fatal day being come, his scholars came early in the morning to the prison, and found him so fast a-sleep, that they could hardly wake him. They bursting out in tears at his fate, and their own loss, and kindly blaming him for the chearfulness he expressed to leave them, he made them this answer. “ Truly, if I did  
“ not firmly believe, that I am going to just  
“ gods, and to the souls of men better than  
“ any now living, I were inexcusable for  
“ contemning life. But I am perfectly assur-  
“ ed that I am going to a supreme being, the  
“ best of masters, and to good men, having now  
“ no doubt of what I have often told you, that  
“ something of man subsists after death, and  
“ that it is better with the good than the bad  
“ in another world.”

While the executioner was preparing the draught, they advised him to speak but little, lest the over-heating him should prevent the poison's having a speedy effect, telling him,

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they knew some that had been obliged to take it more than once. "It is no matter, said he, let him provide as much as may serve twice or thrice, if need be." Then he began a discourse of the use of philosophy, which, he said, was chiefly to "fortify a man against the fear of death: that as death is the separation of the soul from the body, so it is the office and duty of a philosopher to disengage his soul from corporeal affections. That considering we understand better, the more the soul is dis-engaged from sense, so our knowledge shall be perfect when the soul is wholly freed from the body by death, which perfection of knowledge is the ultimate end of philosophy."

This led him into reasoning about the immortality of the soul: to inforce which he brought several arguments from nature, and the infinite power of a supream being. His conclusion was to this effect, "That there are two distinct paths that lead out of this world. They who have defiled their minds with vice, in giving themselves up to sensual

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“ pleasures, or have committed inexpressible  
“ crimes against their country, and the good  
“ of human society, these take a by-way  
“ that is secluded from the counsel and presence of God: whereas those who have preferred themselves from the contagion of their bodies, and in human flesh, have imitated the life of gods, they find a ready direct path opened for them by death, which leads them back to that divine essence from whence they originally came. And as swans are said to sing before death, as supposing they have some instinct of the good that is in death, so should every good man rejoice at the approach of another state. Let every one then, added he, prepare for this journey, when the will of God calls. You, my friends, naming every one that was about him, must go at the appointed hour. My fate summons now.” Alluding to a verse of Euripides.

When he had made an end of speaking, Crito asked him, what directions he would leave about his children? “ I desire no more,

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“ answered Socrates, than what I have often  
 “ told you, if you take care of yourselves,  
 “ and persevere in virtue, whatever you  
 “ do will be acceptable to me and mine,  
 “ though you promise nothing. But if you  
 “ neglect your selves and virtue, you can do  
 “ nothing acceptable to us, though you should  
 “ promise never so much.” Then Crito asking him, how he would be buried? “ As you  
 “ think good, replied Socrates, if you can  
 “ catch me before I give you the slip.” Whereupon, turning to the rest, said he, smiling, “ I  
 “ cannot persuade Crito that I am any thing  
 “ more than the carcase you shall behold anon, else he would not be at such pains about  
 “ my burial. I am afraid what I told him just  
 “ now, that when I have drunk up that poison I shall go to the joys of the blessed, has  
 “ been but to little purpose. Honest Crito,” continues he, still smiling, “ was so kind to  
 “ become bail for my appearance before the  
 “ judges, pray be you my bail to Crito, that  
 “ I am departed hence. But let it not be said,  
 “ that Socrates is carried to the grave, or

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“ laid under ground: for know, dear Crito,  
“ such an expression were an injury done to  
“ my immortal part. Say then, that my body  
“ alone was buried, and in what manner thou  
“ pleasest.”

Then taking the cup from the hands of the executioner, and holding it up towards heaven, he poured out some of it, as an oblation to the supreme deity, with this his last prayer, “ I  
“ implore the immortal God, that my trans-  
“ lation hence may be happy.” Then turning to Crito, said, “ O Crito, I owe a cock to Esculapius, pay it;” and with that drunk up the poison: then stretched himself out upon the couch, and in a few minutes expired.

After this manner, Madam, died the great Socrates; and this was the exit of one of the purest souls that ever animated human clay. Thus it was, that the man, who by the mere homage that was paid to his virtue had stood the shock of thirty tyrants, and out-braved death in various shapes, came at last to fall a victim to the revenge of a few angry pedants.

I know some, both ancient and modern, authors, have been of opinion, that Socrates, though he acknowledged but one only supreme deity, was yet so far tainted with the religion of his country, as to believe there might be inferior or lesser gods, who, in subordination to the supreme one, governed the affairs of the world. And they give this for an instance of it, that he ordered, at his death, a cock to be offered up to Esculapius. I beg leave to differ from them in this matter: for in the whole course of his life, and in all his notions in religion, he appears to have had no such thought. On the contrary, he not only in his ordinary conversation with his intimate friends, but at sometimes upon extraordinary occasions could not refrain to expose in public the folly of the Athenians, in believing the received legends of these inferior or lesser gods, which was indeed the reason of his condemnation and death. Instead of taking this instance as a proof of their opinion, I take it to be an argument against it, and that that expression of Socrates, in the chearful and sedate temper he died, was

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intended by him as a reprehension of their folly, who worshipped Esculapius as a God: as if he had said, "O Crito, pray go try the God of physic by the usual sacrifice, if he can restore me to health now, when I have drunk up the poison, and am at my last gasp."

It is true, Plato and Xenophon, who have transmitted his discourses to posterity, bring him in frequently speaking of the gods in the plural number: but it is obvious even from their writings, that for the most part he made use of the singular number; and always, when he has occasion to talk of the divine providence, prescience, or power, he expresses them in a manner that can only be ascribed to one God. The reason why they introduced him speaking at any time of the deity in the plural number, may probably be, either to comply with custom, or the fear of undergoing the same fate with their master.

It were tedious to insert here a great many discourses of his, mentioned by these two authors, which are clear proofs of his opinion about the unity of a God. I shall only give you

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one that they have both omitted, which, for its lofty figures, falls but little short of any of our Christian poets, and seems a just paraphrase of that expression of an inspired pen, "Clouds and darkness are round about him." It is an invocation quoted by several authors out of a tragedy of Euripides, now lost, which is ascribed to Socrates; and may be translated thus:

*Thou self-sprung being! that dost all enfold,  
And in thine arms heaven's whirling fabric hold!  
Who art encircled with resplendent light,  
And yet lies mantled o'er in shady night!  
About whose throne, the circling stars are found  
Nimbly to dance their everlasting round.*

As the character of Socrates has been universally esteemed in all the ages preceding Christianity, it has been no less admired ever since, as one of the most perfect models of virtue; never any Christian writer, whether ancient or modern, mentioning his name but with the greatest veneration. Nor do I remember

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any one author of note, of any religion, either before or since, that has ventured to lessen his merit, except one, and that is Porphyrius. This learned man has indeed in some of his works made bold with his character, but, at the same time, has attacked the Christian religion with much more rancour than he has done Socrates.

It is likewise observable, that most of the primitive fathers were followers of Plato, and in all their apologies for the Christian religion, have endeavoured to explain the mysteries of it, by an analogy between them and the doctrine of that philosopher. Now it is certain, the foundation of Plato's philosophy was what he learned of his master Socrates, though it is confessed he built upon it superstructures of his own.

There is another particular worth notice, that concerns the memory of this great man. His fame seems to have been the peculiar care of heaven, that while the enemies of Christianity have had the impudence to compare the unusual virtues of some of the heathens with

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those of our blessed Saviour, the name of Socrates was never brought into any such blasphemous competition. Whereas Pythagoras, a man of extraordinary virtue like him, and, like him, held in the highest veneration, has suffered in his character, by the arrogance of some of his followers, who, to raise his reputation at the expence of our Saviour's, have made a comparison between them. On the other hand, Apollonius Tyanaeus, a man of counterfeit virtue, and a mighty pretender to knowledge, even that impostor has been set up by the same set of men in competition with Jesus Christ, for but the shadow of the virtues of Pythagoras and Socrates. And it was but reasonable, the divine providence should thus secure the reputation of Socrates, since his scheme of religion and morals comes, of all that ever was before or after, nearest to that which our Saviour preached.

It must not be omitted, to the honour of Socrates, that when the Athenians sent to the oracle of Apollo at Delphos, to inquire, who was the wisest man alive? they received this

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answer, "Of all men Socrates is the wisest." He deserved that character indeed, if it were only for his usual saying, "That he knew only one thing, which was, that he knew nothing." Which saying of his, and the answer of the oracle, though he never was exalted with it himself, procured him envy, and animated the Sophists the more against him, who pretended to know every thing.

But that you may lay no more stress upon this answer of Apollo's in favour of Socrates, than what it deserves, be pleased to know, Madam, that there have been great disputes of late among the learned, not only concerning this at Delphos, but all oracles in general, which the heathens held in so much veneration. It was hitherto the generally received opinion of both antient and modern, as well Christians as heathens, that the temples, where these oracles were pronounced, were inhabited by some daemon or superior being to man, who returned answers to their votaries, either out of the mouth of their inspired priests, or by some audible voice, supernaturally form-

ed behind the image of the god they invoked. This opinion has been of late called in question, and all the pretended answers of these oracles ascribed only to the cheats of designing priests, who, say they, imposed their tricks of legerdemain upon the credulous people, for the advices and answers of their gods.

For my part, though I be of this last opinion, so far as to be persuaded, that most of these oracles were no more but the well-contrived artifices of priests, who imposed upon the people such answers as suited best with their designs or interest: yet I cannot be brought to believe, but in some of them, and upon some occasions, there might be answers given by some superior being or supernatural agent we have no acquaintance with, and of whom we can form no clear idea.

But let the oracle of Delphos be what it will, this answer tends greatly to the honour of Socrates; for if it was the voice of a daemon, it carried with it an unquestionable authority: and if it was but the artifice of priests, it was a proof of the universal opinion that

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was had of Socrates his wisdom; since the business of these religious cheats being to support the reputation of their oracle, they could not have done that more effectually, than in their answer, to fall in with the opinion that all Greece had of Socrates before.

Such was the esteem of Socrates, when living, and after his death such was the veneration paid to his memory, that the Athenians, as a mark of their sincere repentance, and to revenge his death, caused to be executed his chief accusers, without any formal trial, as enemies to their country, and banished the rest that had anywise contributed to his sentence: and to perpetuate his name, they erected a statue of brass for him in the most public street of their city. Not only so, but such was the horror that even strangers had of that execrable fact, that those Athenians, who were banished their country upon that account, were abhorred as unworthy of the common offices of humanity, insomuch that they would not suffer them to kindle fire at their houses, nor answer them any question. Their abhorrence

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came at length to that height, that they would not touch any thing that belonged to them, nor make use of the water of any well where they had drank; so that being at last tired of a hated life, they became their own executioners. But these were not all the dire consequences of his fall; for one of their own historians owns, that the death of Socrates brought a general calamity on Athens, insomuch that from that time, says he, the Athenians never did any thing considerable either at home or abroad, but by degrees decayed, and with them all Greece.

The inscription on his statue, as mentioned by an antient author, was in two lines, to this purpose:

*Drink Socrates with Jove, next whom in thron'd,  
By gods, and wisdom's self, as wisest own'd.*

There are but two, Madam, among all the heathen philosophers, that I can call to mind, whose manner of death comes in any competition

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with that of Socrates; and these are Cato the younger, and Seneca. How far the parallel may be carried through this Triumvirate of excellent men, will be but, I hope, a pardonable digression in this place.

Cato was of the Stoic sect, and a man of that rigid and steady virtue, that neither adversity nor success could possibly make the least impression upon him: he struggled for the expiring liberties of his country to the last; and when these were gone, was resolved not to survive them. Having provided for the safety of his friends, and advised them to submit to Caesar's fortune, now that he was master of Rome and them, he provided for his own, by death. When I consider him, with Montaigne, giving himself the blow, and for fear the sword had not sufficiently done its part, tearing out his own bowels afterwards, I confess I am not satisfied only to think his soul was then perfectly exempt from all disturbance, and this steadiness of his but the effects of that scheme of philosophy he professed: I must go further, to

something more sprightly in the virtue of this man, and persuade myself that he felt a much higher relish of delight in this action alone, than in all the others of his life: and if it had not been for the noble and sincere concern he had for his country, I believe he thought himself obliged to fortune for putting his virtue upon so brave a trial.

To attribute this to a principle of vain-glory, as some have imagined, seems a consideration too low and poor for such a haughty and resolute heart. Nor would this action have been decent in any other but him, for it belonged only to Cato's life to end so. Nor was it owing to any doubt of Caesar's pardon, as some have thought; for the soul of that mighty conqueror was of another make, and certainly he would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his life, to have had it in his power to pardon Cato, having often complained of him to his friends for his envying him that glory.

To ennoble his death the more, it seems to me, as if his good destiny had put his ill one

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into that hand with which he gave himself the blow, seeing he had thereby the leisure and opportunity to confront and struggle with death; and instead of letting his courage sink, to reinforce it higher. So that were I to represent him to advantage in his dying condition, I should do it much rather tearing out his bowels, than with his sword in his hands, as I have seen his ancient statues; for this second death was much more terrible than the first.

But after all, it must be confessed, there is something in the death of Socrates, that is more serene, even, and elevated, than that of Cato. The one is more tragical, and oftener taken notice of in history; but the other finer, and admits of a certain delicacy and politeness, even amidst the horrors of it. It appears too, that Cato stood in need of the repeated assistance of philosophy, to fortify his mind against the blow; otherwise he would not have had recourse to Plato's account of the death of Socrates, as he did, the night he died. It de-

rogates likewise from the glory of his death, that when he was about it, he should fall into a passion with his slave, upon a trivial account, and to carry it so far, as to beat out one of his teeth, and hurt so much his own hand, as to disable it from giving himself a decisive stroke. How far must he have been, when he did this, from the sedate temper, the noble patience, and soaring thoughts, that accompanied Socrates to the last breath !

It cannot be denied but in Cato's character there appear some strokes more fullen and fierce than can well agree with the refined notions of his own philosophy. And in the whole conduct of his life, and at his death, there are not to be found such instances of good-nature, and sweetness of temper, as in Socrates. So that Horace, his cotemporary, even in praising him, hints at this ; when speaking of Caesar's conquest, he says, " He conquered every thing, but the fierce mind of Cato."

I cannot omit another particular, wherein I think Socrates had much the better of Cato, which relates to the different kind of enemies

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they had to deal with. The thirty tyrants were a set of execrable villains, that had divested themselves of all the ties of nature, to perpetrate their cruelties. Caesar, on the contrary, was a man of the highest generosity, and unbounded clemency towards those he had conquered. Now Cato chose rather to put an end himself to his own life, than to owe it to Caesar: whereas Socrates, though he scorned to make any low submissions to the thirty tyrants, and out-braved them every day to their faces; yet he still went on in his usual road of virtue, with the same indifference as if there had been no such thing as tyranny in Athens. He was always ready for the blow whenever it should come to him; but thought it became not his steady virtue, to go out of his ordinary path to meet it: and when at one time word was brought him, that that morning the tyrants had condemned him to die, he answered coldly, "And death has condemned them."

But not to detract more than enough from the illustrious ghost of Cato, it is needless to

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insist here, how far his manner of dying was inconsistent with the principles of Christianity, seeing even these, who set up of late for Free-thinkers, will hardly deny it: but I beg leave to refer these gentlemen to the opinion of Socrates in this matter, unless it weighs the less with them, that he reasons rather like a Christian than a heathen.

When he was going to drink up the poison, he took occasion to mention his friend Evenus, who was absent, and how much he would be grieved for his death, and that he hoped he would bear it like a philosopher. Cebes told him, that probably Evenus, according to the rules of his philosophy, would find a way to follow him, meaning, by a voluntary death.

// “ That must not be, answered Socrates; for  
 “ it were unworthy of a philosopher to do an  
 “ unjust action. Why, said Cebes, has not a  
 “ philosopher his life in his own power, to  
 “ dispose of it as he pleases, especially when  
 “ in parting with it, he follows his dying  
 “ friend? Not at all, replied Socrates, for  
 “ men are the possession of the gods. Would

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“ not you, Cebes, be angry, if your slave  
“ should kill himself, to prevent a just corre-  
“ ction? We must expect a summons from  
“ the gods, to call us hence, such an inevita-  
“ ble necessity as now calls me. God has a  
“ dominion over us as his own possession;  
“ and a wise man ought not so much as to  
“ wish to be out of his protection, nor can he  
“ better his condition, by freeing himself from  
“ so excellent a government.” //

But setting aside the memorable end of Cato, it is evident, that the death of Seneca came much nearer to a parallel with that of Socrates. They were both men of exalted virtue, and elevated notions in philosophy: both have left behind them the best and most useful precepts towards the conduct and happiness of human life, and both fell a sacrifice to the rage and malice of unjust men.

In order to a short account of the death of Seneca, I am obliged to mix in it the behaviour of his wife Paulina, one of the most shining characters in history. This lady was of

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one of the most noble families in Rome, and married very young to Seneca, in his extreme old-age. They lived together in a most perfect friendship; and how much she improved by his precepts, the part she acted at his death will be a lasting testimony.

The monster, Nero, who had been his pupil, sent his guards to denounce to him the sentence of death; which he received not only with his usual tranquillity of mind, but with great satisfaction. The manner of dying being left to his own choice, as was usual with men of his quality, he chose to be let blood to death by his own surgeon. Making all possible dispatch, he called for paper, to write his will; which being denied him, he turned about to his friends, saying; "Since I am forbid to leave you any mark of my friendship, I bequeath the best thing I have, which Nero cannot deprive you of, even the image of my life and manners, which I intreat you to preserve, in memory of me, that thereby you may acquire the glory of being sincere and true friends." With that, seeing

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them all burst forth in tears, he began to comfort them with the gentlest words; and then raising his voice, “ What! said he, is become  
“ of all our philosophical discourses and precepts, and where are now the provisions we  
“ have been laying up these many years against  
“ the accidents of fortune? Is Nero’s cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect  
“ otherwise from him, that had murdered his  
“ mother and brother, but that he should put  
“ to death his governour, that bred him?”

Then embracing his wife fast in his arms, and seeing her sinking under the agony of her grief, he intreated her to bear this accident patiently, for his sake, telling her, “ That  
“ now the hour was come, wherein he was to  
“ show, not by discourse or precept, but by  
“ effects, the fruits of his studies; and that  
“ he was going to meet death, not only without grief, but with the greatest joy. Wherefore, my dearest, said he, do not dishonour  
“ me by these tears, that it may not look as if  
“ thou lovest thyself better than my reputation. Moderate thy concern, and comfort

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“ thyself with the knowlege thou hast had of  
 “ me, and of my actions, leading the remain-  
 “ der of thy life in the same tract of virtue  
 “ thou hast hitherto done.”

Paulina recovering her spirits, and warming  
 her fortitude with the heat of a generous con-  
 jugal affection, made him this answer; “ No,  
 “ Seneca, said she, I am not a woman of that  
 “ make, to let you go alone to take this leap.  
 “ I would not have you think, that the virtu-  
 “ ous example of your life has not instructed  
 “ me sufficiently how to die. And when can I  
 “ ever do it better, or with more decency, or  
 “ delight, than with you? and therefore as-  
 “ sure yourself, I will not stay behind.” Se-  
 neca could not but take this noble resolution  
 of hers as it deserved; and being also willing  
 to secure her against the cruelties of his ene-  
 mies after his death, he took her again in his  
 arms, saying, “ O Paulina, I have indeed in-  
 “ structed thee how to live well, but I see  
 “ thou lovest more the honour of dying. In  
 “ truth, I will not grudge it thee: the resolu-  
 “ tion and constancy, in our common end,

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“ are the same; but the beauty and glory of  
“ thy part in it is much the greater.”

Which said, the surgeon opened the veins of both their arms; but the blood in Seneca, because of his great age and abstinence, flowing very slow, he ordered the veins of his thighs to be likewise opened. Lest the torment he was in might shake his wife's constancy; and to free himself from the sight of her in the same agony, he took his leave of her, in the most tender manner, and prevailed with her, to let her servants carry her to her own chamber. But all these incisions being yet not sufficient to give him death, he commanded his physician to administer a draught of poison; which had but little better effect, considering the coldness of his limbs; and the shrinking of his sinews retarded its passage to his heart. After all, they were forced, to put him into a hot bath, wherein, to his last gasp, he continued discoursing upon such noble subjects, as referred to his present condition, which, though taken in writing by his secretaries, that stood by, are now lost, to the irre-

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parable regret of the learned world. At last, feeling the immediate stroke of death, he with his hands threw some of the bloody water of the bath over his head, as a libation to the gods, saying, "This I offer up to Jupiter, the deliverer," and straight expired. In the mean time, Nero, hearing what part Paulina had acted in this tragedy, sent orders, in all haste, to bind up her wounds; which was done without her knowledge, being almost dead, and without all manner of sense. Thus, though she lived against her will, it was with honour, and to the height of that virtue she had learned of Seneca. The paleness of her complexion, to her dying-day, expressed sufficiently how much of life she had lost with her blood; and the conduct of the rest of her life was a glorious proof, how worthy she was of such a husband.

Certainly there was something very noble in the death of Seneca, and altogether suitable to that excellent system of philosophy and morals, that are yet preserved to us in his immortal writings; and yet methinks it falls short of that of Socrates. It is true, it is a thousand

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pities the last discourses of Seneca in the bath are lost; but it is as true, there is something to be observed in all his behaviour, that looks like the effects only of a studied virtue, and the result of a long train of precepts. Where-  
X  
as the behaviour of Socrates has something in it so natural and free from all constraint, as if his virtue were a part of his constitution, and interwoven with his first threads of life, not the consequent of long study or precept. X

I am not willing to believe all that has been writ to the prejudice of Seneca, much less Dion the historian, who describes him, effeminate, voluptuous, and a false pretender to philosophy. I had much rather take his character from Tacitus, and other Roman writers, who must needs have been better acquainted with it. But still I am apt to think, with some of these his own countrymen, that he did not live up to that exact pattern he set to others, especially with respect to riches, and other goods of fortune. When we read his mighty flights, and severe maxims in these matters, we can hardly believe how the man who writ

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so could act the quite contrary; or that he, that treats riches and honours with such contempt, should heap together so great a mass of wealth, or accept from a tyrant such high posts in the state.

I confess, there is no man's works I have read with greater pleasure than Seneca's, though it were to be wished, the stile and connection were equal to the matter they contain: but still he treats of his subjects after a far different manner from Socrates. Read but the latter, in Plato, or Xenophon, discoursing of liberty, you would be presently convinced, that he who talks so, does it from his heart, and that he would purchase that liberty at the price of a thousand lives, if he had them. Read Seneca afterwards upon the same subject; it has the air of one that paints liberty in all its beauties, but without diving into the spirit of it, or daring to strike a blow for it. When Seneca treats of the contempt of death, he does it with so much art, and in so languishing a manner, as one may easily perceive he would persuade another to a thing,

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which he is not firmly resolved upon himself. But when Socrates but touches on the same subject, he strikes home, and not only fortifies, but animates and inflames one with a desire to meet his destiny.

Before I take leave of Seneca, I cannot but observe, that though he was of the same rigid sect of Stoics with Cato, there appears on some occasions more of good-nature and complaisance in the one than the other, of which the following passage is a remarkable instance. As Paulina came afterwards to offer up her life voluntarily for the love of Seneca, so sometime before, he forbore dying for love of her, which, according to his principles, was the same in point of friendship, with dying for her. In one of his letters, he tells Lucilius, "that he had been lately worn out with an "ague, and many infirmities of old-age, and "had resolved to set himself free;" that is, in the Stoic sense, to kill himself. "But Paulina, says he, has given me a charge to "live. Now I, who know that her life is "bound up in mine, begin to make much of

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“ myself, and take the remedies that are pre-  
 “ scribed me, only that I may preserve her.  
 “ For something must be allowed to honest  
 “ affections, and sometimes to please those  
 “ that love us, and we love, we are obliged  
 “ to call back life, though with grief. Thus,  
 “ concludes he, has my Paulina loaded me  
 “ not only with her fears, but my own: it  
 “ had not been sufficient to consider, how  
 “ resolutely I can die, but how irresolutely  
 “ she would bear my death; so that for her  
 “ sake I am forced to live, and to live is  
 “ sometimes the highest fortitude.”

I cannot take leave of the comparison be-  
 tween these three philosophers, without ob-  
 serving one particular, wherein I am apt to  
 think Socrates, and even Cato, had much the  
 better of Seneca. The two first express more  
 tenderness and good-nature at their deaths to-  
 wards their friends, than Seneca did to Pau-  
 lina. Socrates reasons warmly against Cebes,  
 for but supposing that Evenus would rather  
 die than survive him; and Cato would not  
 put

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put an end to his own life, till he had provided for the lives of his friends. He not only adjured them to live, and submit to the conqueror, but was restless till they were out of danger: and having sent again and again to know if they were got all safe out of the harbour of Utica, he delayed to give himself the mortal stroke, till he was sure they were gone. But Seneca's conduct, in encouraging his wife to die with him, when there was no necessity for it, has something in it both cruel and unnatural; and the rather, that she was but in the bloom of her age, and he an old decrepid man, that had but very few years to number by the course of nature. In a word, his behaviour in that matter seems to me a romantic strain of philosophy; and that either he envied her living after him, or was loath to part with life, without some body to bear him company.

I had forgot one thing, Madam, in relation to Socrates, before I have done with him, which indeed I ought to have mentioned before. He did not always serve his country in

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a private capacity only, but by his merits alone arrived to the first dignities of the state, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth. The sovereignty of Athens was lodged in the senate, chose once a-year by balloting out of the ten tribes, into which the city was divided. Out of the senate were chose ten presidents, one of every tribe, who presided each of them five weeks in their turn. Out of these ten presidents was elected one they called the Epistate or Supreme Intendant. This magistrate keepest the keys of the citadel, and of the public treasury, and was master of the fate of Athens for the few hours he continued in that post; for by the constitution he could not enjoy it longer than a day, and but once in his life: “ So  
 ” “ jealous were the Athenians of their liberties,  
 ” “ ties, and so cautious of lodging too great a  
 ” “ power in any one set of men, or any one  
 ” “ family, and much more in any one single  
 ” “ hand, or for any long time.” Socrates past through all these degrees of magistrature, being first a Senator, then a President, and at last Epistate, and the first man in Athens. In all

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which capacities he gave the usual proofs of his undaunted courage, untainted justice, and disinterested concern for the good of his country; of which we have a great many instances recorded in history, too long to insert here.

It was in the senate, when he was president, that he had this golden expression; "That it is the office of a good citizen, in peace to enrich the commonwealth; in war to conquer its enemies; in embassies to make friends of foes; and in seditions to appease the people by eloquence, and that authority which attends an unspotted life."

As the republic of Athens had modelled itself upon the principle of liberty, so it is very remarkable, that even in its most corrupted times, none ever rose to any office in the state, civil or military, without some previous merit, and doing something that deserved well of their country. Though it is as true, that the same merit, when thought too great, proved many times in the end fatal to themselves, through the envy of the people, and some-

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times to the constitution through ambition, and the overvaluing their services. Even the power and interest of great men alone never raised one to preferment, far less did money. For if ever any one arrived to the first dignities of the state by his virtue, it was Pericles; yet this very man, at a time when he was almost absolute, both in the state and army, a near relation of his coming to ask him for an employment, which he confessed he had not yet deserved, but hoped he should, his answer was, “ If you want to share with me in my  
 “ little fortune, it is at your service; but for  
 “ my country, it is not mine to give. And  
 “ the gods forbid, the Athenians should ever  
 “ be so mad, as to think it merit enough to  
 “ be related to Pericles.” //

Having done with Socrates, it is but reasonable, Madam, I give you some short account of Xenophon, the author of this book. He was of one of the noblest families in Athens, and said to be the most beautiful man of his time. He was the friend and scholar of Socrates, and the first who committed the do-

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strine and sayings of his master to writing, and that with the exactest fidelity, without mixing any thing of his own, as his fellow-scholar Plato is thought to have done.

He was the first of all the philosophers that adorned philosophy, both by his words and actions. His stile was polite, easy, and sweet, and in his voice and expression, there was something so musical and charming, that it was said, "In him the muses seemed to speak:" Upon all which accounts he had the name given him, of the Attic muse. No man ever described with his pen, or recommended by his practice, heroic virtue, better than he: Nor was there ever greater proofs of courage and conduct than those of his in several battles, but more particularly in his Persian expedition, which has been the just admiration of all ages since. The occasion of it was this:

Cyrus, the younger brother of Artaxerxes Mnemon, being resolved to contest the empire of Persia with him, gathered together a mighty army, in which were ten thousand auxiliary

Greeks, and marched from the Lesser Asia as far as Euphrates, to give him battle. Xenophon went along a volunteer, being invited by Cyrus, upon the account chiefly of his learning, of which that prince had acquired some tincture, by conversing with the Greeks, when he lived in Ionia, as governor under his father.

The two brothers came to a battle, which being obstinately fought on both sides, the Greeks giving proofs of their usual valour, and particularly Xenophon, Cyrus, in the end pushing too far, lost the field and his life together. The battle being lost, the Greeks retired in a body to their camp, without any great loss, whither the next day Artaxerxes sent them in appearance a friendly message, with offers of a safe conduct, back to their own country, upon condition they would lay down their arms. The Greeks considering they were but a handful of men, and in the heart of the Persian dominions, with a victorious army in the front of them, were willing to hearken to any reasonable composition;

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and in order to it, they agreed to a truce for a few days. During which time, the Persians having invited the chief leaders into their camp, under the pretence of an entertainment, murdered them basely in cold blood.

This news, being brought to the Grecian camp, put them into the greatest consternation, and all the commanders that were left thought it most advisable to surrender at discretion. Things being brought to this desperate pass, up rose Xenophon, and taking the advantage of a rising piece of ground, made them a pathetic eloquent speech, encouraging them to set fire to their camp, and either to force their way back to Greece, or die nobly with their swords in their hands, offering himself to be their leader. The gracefulness of his person, the charms of his speaking, with the character of being the scholar of Socrates, had their effect; for it was thereupon unanimously resolved to die or live with Xenophon. It is said he was a great lover of fine horses and arms, and upon this occasion, putting on his

richest apparel, he mounted his best horse, saying, " If he conquered, he deserved them, " but if he died in battle, they would decently express his quality, and were the most " fitting funeral ornaments of a valiant man."

// Xenophon fully answered their expectation; for he fought his way back to Greece, through innumerable difficulties, and such as would have been insuperable to any genius but his own, or any army but that which he led. In fine, he forced his passage through three and twenty kingdoms and provinces, and crossed above two hundred rivers, pursued by armies for the most part ten times superior to his. In this glorious march are reckoned " two hundred and fifteen encampments, and near " four thousand three hundred English miles;" all within the compass of one year and three months. This, in one word, is that expedition of Xenophon so much admired, and so much celebrated by both ancient and modern historians. //

After all this glory, so great, and so justly acquired, this great scholar and soldier fell

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under the fate of his master Socrates: for, being banished his ungrateful country, he died an exile at Corinth, having perpetuated his name to posterity, by his immortal writings, as well as his renowned actions. “ And thus “ it was in Athens, as in other countries, “ where good and ill services to the public “ are equally in time forgotten.”

The Lacedaemonians allowed him a pension out of their public treasury, which they had seldom done to any one before, and never to an Athenian. Indeed he stood in need of it; for he had applied nothing to his own use of all the spoils he had brought from Persia, in this expedition with Cyrus, and another he made afterwards with Agesilaus, the Spartan king. “ For it was reserved to later times, “ for men to enrich themselves at the expence “ of their country, or by the spoils of war.”

The following lines are said, by an ancient author, to have been inscribed on his statue at Corinth.

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*Great Xenophon at once made two ascents,  
To Asia in person, and to heaven by fame;  
His stile and actions (lasting monuments!)  
Lay to Socratic wisdom equal claim.*

After having given you, Madam, some account of these two famous philosophers, Socrates and Xenophon, it is reasonable, towards the understanding this piece I have translated, that I acquaint you with the method of it. Be pleased to know then, that most of the ancient philosophers and moralists did propagate their doctrine in the stile of dialogue. This way they chose, as the most familiar and easy towards the leading their hearers insensibly into the subjects they chiefly aimed at. And though it is believed Socrates writ nothing himself, yet it is certain, his usual manner of instruction was dialogue-way, without set speeches, or formal lectures. As this was the method of instruction with these ancient philosophers, so they chose to put it in practice, for the most part, at meal-times; and from

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thence it is, that their doctrine and opinions are so frequently recorded under the name and representation of a banquet. This manner of writing was so much in use among the ancients, and so much esteemed by men of letters since, that the restorers of learning in the two last ages have been fond of imitating it. To instance but one, among a great many, of all the works of the learned Erasmus, none have been so much admired, as his banquets.

In the next place, Madam, you will meet frequently, in this little treatise, with discourses of beauty and love, which require some explanation. Be pleased to consider then, that Socrates, and his followers, though they chiefly admired and paid homage to the beauty of the mind, yet were wonderfully fond of the beauty of the face and person. The reason was this; they had a notion, " That the soul  
" of man being a ray of the divine nature,  
" and subsisting at first alone without a body,  
" came afterwards, under the influence and  
" direction of an almighty power, to concur  
" towards the formation of that body, which

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“ it was to animate.” And therefore it always aimed at as great a resemblance between it and it’s body, as possibly could be between two things so far in their natures different. So it was their opinion, “ That a soul originally “ vicious became naturally the inhabitant of “ a deformed body ; and, on the contrary, a “ virtuous soul, that of a beautiful body :” And consequently, according to the degrees of virtue or vice implanted at first in the soul of man, he came to be in his person more or less handsom or ugly. This being their opinion, it is no wonder they put such a value on personal beauty, in which-ever of the sexes it was found, seeing from it they concluded the beauty of the mind.

But it is a pity that Socrates himself should have been so remarkable an exception against his own rule, being one of the homeliest, if not ugliest men we read of : for which he rallies himself very pleasantly in this Banquet, describing his person as it really was. If his notion about the formation of the body had been true, he ought to have been one of the

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handsomest men in the world, and infinitely beyond even his friend Alcibiades, who was the most beautiful person in Athens, and became, after the death of Socrates, the greatest mixture of virtue and vice that ever was.

But there is a passage in Xenophon, that seems to favour this opinion of Socrates about beauty, unless it be, that Socrates is there introduced speaking in jest only, as some have imagined. There was one Zopirus, who pretended to skill in physiognomy, and to read mens temper and inclinations in the lines of the face. This man, coming to Athens, fell into the company of Alcibiades, and some other friends of Socrates, who, to try his boasted skill, brought Socrates into the room, being altogether a stranger to him. Zopirus, examining nicely his features, told them, that by the rules of his art, he was greatly addicted to wine and women. They all fell a-laughing at his ignorance, telling him, it was Socrates, whom but to name was enough to put the man out of countenance. But Socrates, interrupting them, said, Zopirus was in the right, for

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he was naturally inclined to the vices he had named, but had overcome them by the strength of his reason.

This being the opinion of Socrates concerning beauty, it is no wonder, to find in his discourses so much of love, or that he and his followers were votaries to that passion: but this was a regular virtuous love, and such as became the philosophy they professed. When it happened between two or more of the same sex, as it frequently did, it was, properly speaking, the pure and untainted love of friendship, and the result of that virtue, and of those noble qualities, they found in one another. In a word, it was such a love as the poets have painted, between Pylades and Orestes, Achilles and Patroclus, and that which in reality was between the great Scipio and Lelius. Nor want we in holy writ a much brighter example than any of these, even the love that cemented together the souls of David and Jonathan.

Now the design of this treatise being to divert and instruct, not to entertain you with melancholy scenes; here are no dungeon nor chains, no executioner to mix the deadly

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bowl, nor any other pomp of death; but Socrates at an entertainment with his friends. To use the expression of one of the most learned critics \* of the last age; " In this little piece  
" every thing is an original, every thing agreeable, and every thing instructive. It is  
" Nature, the Graces, and Venus Urania, that  
" speak; and to say all in one word, it is  
" Socrates that talks, and Xenophon that  
" writes."

It seems to me strange, that in a country where translations are become so much in fashion, this piece of Xenophon has never hitherto appeared in English. I own, I have neither a genius nor inclination for translating; and as this is my first of that kind, so it may probably be my last. I have just reason to fear, I have not done my author any great honour, yet I hope I have not done him any great injustice; for I have followed him as near the Greek, as either my skill in that language, or the vast difference between the idioms of it and ours could permit.

\* Tanaquillus Faber,

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I have made bold, it is true, to give a more modern turn to some few passages, which, if literally translated, would have sounded harsh, and perhaps might admit of an ill construction in the age we live: though, at the same time, there is nothing in these passages, which, taken in the sense that Xenophon meant, can reasonably offend the chastest ear. This I chose rather to do, than by following my author too closely, be obliged to make an apology for him. Every age and country have their own customs, and taste of things: we have ours, and the Greeks had theirs. And they, who understand the original, will not only observe where I have thus varied from my author, but will, I hope, approve me in so doing.

Whatever my performance in this translation and essay may be, it is a proof of my being persuaded, that all notions of virtue are not yet extinct among us, otherwise I should not have ventured on a subject so much out of fashion, as this may seem to be. And it were to be wished, that we, who value ourselves upon a religion that is revealed from heaven, would  
but

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but imitate this great pattern of “natural religion, in universal charity, good-nature, “a dis-interested love to our country,” and those other qualities that tend to the peace and happiness of mankind.

I am very sensible, it is a bold attempt, to pretend to imitate in a modern language the most polite pen of the most polite age that ever Athens knew. But I have endeavoured it as well as I can, and let it take its fate.

If it but please you, Madam, I shall not think a few hours I have stole from the business of my profession have been ill employed. In making you a present of this kind, so very young, judge what an opinion I have of you now, and how firmly I am persuaded, and expect to see you become one day a shining ornament to your sex and family : and give me leave to tell you, the world will never be content with less than the highest perfections in a daughter of the late duchess of Queensberry. When you come to relish what I have writ of the virtues of Socrates, remember, you had a mother who possessed them all, as far as was consistent with

the delicacy of her sex and temper: for if I believed the transmigration of souls, I should have thought that hers had been once the soul of Socrates, new cast in a softer mold. She had one felicity that was denied him: the Athenians had not that value for him that he deserved, till it was too late; whereas she was equally loved and admired, while living, and universally lamented, when dead. Nor has there been, in any age, an instance of a happier pair in a married state, or of more incense that has been paid to the memory of a beloved wife, than by her illustrious husband to hers after her death.

Madam, Be you such as your noble mother was, and you have attained the utmost I can wish for you, being, with the greatest esteem,

M A D A M,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S MOST HUMBLE,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JAMES WELWOOD.

THE  
BANQUET  
OF  
XENOPHON.

I AM of opinion, that as well the sayings as the actions of great men deserve to be recorded, whether they treat of serious subjects with the greatest application of mind, or, giving themselves some respite, unbend their thoughts to diversions worthy of them. You will know by the relation I am going to make, what it was inspired me with this thought, being myself present.

During the festival of Minerva, there was a solemn tournament, whither \* Callias, who ten-

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\* Callias was of the noblest families in Athens, and was surnamed THE RICH.

derly loved Autolicus, carried him, which was soon after the victory which that youth had obtained at the Olympic games. When the show was over, Callias, taking Autolicus and his father with him, went down from the city to his house at the \* Piraeum, with Nicerates the son of Nicias.

But upon the way meeting Socrates, Hermogenes, Critobulus, Antisthenes and Charmides, discoursing together, he gave orders to one of his people to conduct Autolicus and those of his company to his house, and addressing himself to Socrates, and those who were with him, "I could not, says he, have  
 " met with you more opportunely; I treat to  
 " day Autolicus and his father, and if I am  
 " not deceived, persons who like you have  
 " their souls † purified by refined contempla-  
 " tions, would do much more honour to our  
 " assembly, than your colonels of horse, cap-

\* The sea-port town of Athens.

† Socrates was called the purifying philosopher, because he purified the minds of those he conversed with from vice and errors of education.

“ tains of foot, and other gentlemen of business, who are full of nothing but their offices and employments.” You are always upon the banter, said Socrates; for since you gave so much money to \* Protagoras, Gorgias and Prodicus, to be instructed in wisdom, you make but little account of us, who have no other assistance but from ourselves to acquire knowledge. It is true, said Callias, hitherto I have concealed from you a thousand fine things I learnt in the conversation of those gentlemen; but if you will sup with me this evening, I will teach you all I know, and after that, I do not doubt, you will say, I am a man of consequence.

Socrates and the rest thanked him with the civility that was due to a person of so high a rank, that had invited them in so obliging a manner: and Callias showing an unwillingness to be refused, they at last accepted the invitation, and went along with him. After

## F 3

\* Three famous pedants that pretended to teach wisdom; alias Sophists.

they had done bathing and anointing, as was the custom before meals, they all went into the eating-room, where Autolicus was seated by his father's side, and each of the rest took his place according to his age or quality.

The whole company became  
*Beauty and its effects.* immediately sensible of the power of beauty, and every one at the same time silently confessed, that by natural right the sovereignty belonged to it, especially when attended with modesty and a virtuous bashfulness. Now Autolicus was one of that kind of beauties; and the effect, which the sight of so lovely a person produced, was to attract the eyes of the whole company to him, as one would do to flashes of lightening in a dark night. All hearts surrendered to his power, and paid homage to the sweet and noble mein and features of his countenance, and the manly gracefulness of his shape.

It is very certain that  
*The effects of regular virtuous love.* in those who are divinely inspired by some good daemon, there appears

something, which makes them beheld with the strictest attention, and a pleasing astonishment: whereas those who are possessed by some evil genius or power, besides the terror that appears in their looks, they talk in a tone that strikes horror, and have a sort of unbounded vehemence in all they say, and do, that comes but little short of madness. Thence it is, as it was in this case, that those who are touched with a just and well regulated love discover in their eyes a charming sweetness, in the tone of the voice a musical softness, and in their whole deportment something that expresses in dumb show the innate virtue of their soul.

At length they sat down to supper, and a profound silence was observed, as though it had been enjoined, when a certain buffoon named Philip knocked at the door, and bade the servant, that opened it, tell the gentlemen, he was there, and that he came to sup with them; adding, there was no occasion to deliberate whether he should let him in, for that he was perfectly well furnished with every thing

that could be necessary towards supping well on free-cost, his boy being weary with carrying nothing in his belly, and himself extremely fatigued with running about to see where he could fill his own. Callias, understanding the arrival of this new guest, ordered him to be let in, saying, we must not refuse him his dish, and at the same time turned his eyes towards Autolicus, to discover, probably, the judgement he made of what had passed in the company with relation to him; but Philip coming into the room, "Gentlemen, says he, you all  
" know I am a buffoon by profession, and  
" therefore am come of my own accord. I  
" chose rather to come uninvited, than put  
" you to the trouble of a formal invitation,  
" having an aversion to ceremony. Very  
" well, said Callias, take a place then, Philip, the gentlemen here are full of serious  
" thoughts, and I fancy they will have occasion for some body to make them laugh.

While supper lasted, Philip failed not to serve them up now and then a dish of his profession; he said a thousand ridiculous things;

but not having provoked one smile, he discovered sufficient dissatisfaction. Sometime after he fell to it again, and the company heard him again without being moved. Thereupon up he got, and throwing his cloak \* over his head, laid himself down at his full length on his couch, without eating one bit more. What is the matter, says Callias, has any sudden illness taken you? Alas, cried he, fetching a deep sigh from his heart, the quickest and most sensible pain that ever I felt in my whole life; for since there is no more laughing in the world, it is plain my business is at an end, and I have nothing now to do but to make a decent exit. Heretofore I have been called to every jolly entertainment, to divert the company with my buffoonries; but to what purpose should they now invite me? I can as soon become a god as say one serious word; and to imagine any one will give me a meal in hopes of a return in kind, is a meer jest, for my spit was

\* The Greeks under any disgrace threw their mantle over their head.

never yet laid down for supper; such a custom never entered my doors.

While Philip talked in this manner, he held his handkerchief to his eyes, and personated to admiration a man grievously afflicted. Upon which every one comforted him, and promised, if he would eat, they would laugh as much as he pleased. The pity which the company shewed Philip having made \* Critobulus almost burst his sides, Philip uncovered his face, and fell to his supper again, saying, Rejoice, my soul, and take courage, this will not be thy last good meal; I see thou wilt yet be good for something. They had now taken away, and made effusion of wine in honour of the gods, when a certain Syracusan entered, leading in a handsome girl, who played on the flute, another that danced and showed very nimble feats of activity, and a beautiful little boy, who danced, and played perfectly well on the guitar. After these had sufficiently diverted the company, Socrates, addressing him-

\* It is thought, by Critobulus the author meant himself.

self to Callias, In truth, says he, you have treated us very handsomely, and have added, to the delicacy of eating, other things delightful to our seeing and hearing.

But we want perfumes \* to make up the treat, answered *Perfumes*. Callias; what say you to that?

Not at all, replied Socrates; perfumes, like habits, are to be used according to decency: some become men; and others, women; but I would not that one man should perfume himself for the sake of another; and for the women, especially such as the wife of Critobulus or Nicerates, they have no occasion for perfumes, their natural sweetness supplying the want of them. But it is otherwise if we talk of the smell of that oil that is used in the Olympic games, or other places of † public

\* It was the custom of the Greeks at great entertainments to perfume their guests, at which they sometimes expended great sums.

† At the Olympic and other games of Greece, they rubbed their joints with hot oils to make them more supple and active.

exercise; this indeed is sweeter to the men than perfumes to the women; and when they have been for some time disused to it, they only think on it with a greater desire. If you perfume a slave and a freeman, the difference of their birth produces none in the smell; and the scent is perceived as soon in the one as the other: but the odor of honourable toil, as it is acquired with great pains and application, so it is ever sweet, and worthy of a brave man. This is agreeable to young men, said Lycon; but as for you and me, who are past the age of these public exercises, what perfumes ought we to have? That of virtue and honour, said Socrates.

LYCON. And where is this sort of perfume to be had?

Soc. Not in the shops, I assure you.

LYCON. Where then?

Soc. Theognis sufficiently discovers where, when he tells us in his poem,

*When virtuous thoughts warm the celestial mind  
With generous heat, each sentiment's refin'd;*

*Th'immortal perfumes breathing from the heart,  
With grateful odors, sweeten every part.  
But when our vicious passions fire the soul,  
The clearest fountains grow corrupt and foul;  
The virgin springs, which should untainted flow,  
Run thick, and blacken all the stream below.*

Do you understand this, my son, said Lycon to Autolicus? He not only understands it, but will practise it too, said Socrates; and I am satisfied, when he comes to contend for that noble prize, he will chuse a master to instruct him, such as you shall approve of, who will be capable of giving him rules to attain it.

Then they began all to reassume what Socrates had said; *If virtue can* one affirmed there was no master *be taught.* to be found that was qualified to instruct others in virtue; another said, it could not be taught; and a third maintained, that if virtue could not be taught, nothing else could. Very well, said Socrates; but since we cannot agree at present in our opinions about

this matter, let us defer the question to another opportunity, and apply ourselves to what is before us; for I see the dancing girl entering at the other end of the hall; and she has brought her cymbals along with her. At the same time the other girl took her flute. The one played and the other danced to admiration; the dancing girl throwing up, and catching again her cymbals so, as to answer exactly the cadency of the music, and that with a surprising dexterity. Socrates, who observed her with pleasure, thought it deserved some reflection; and therefore, said he, This young girl has confirmed me in the opinion I have had of a long time, that the female sex are nothing inferior to ours, excepting only in strength of body, or perhaps steadiness of judgement. Now you, gentlemen, that have wives amongst us, may take my word for it, they are capable of learning any thing you are willing they should know, to make them more useful to you. If so, Sir, said Antisthenes, if this be the real sentiment of your heart, how comes it, you do not instruct

Xantippe, who is, beyond dispute, the most insupportable woman that is, has been, or ever will be? "I do with her, said "troublesome Socrates, like those who would "wife. learn horsemanship; they do "not chuse easy tame horses, or such as are "manageable at pleasure, but the highest metaled and hardest mouthed, believing if they "can tame the natural heat and impetuosity of "these, there can be none too hard for them to manage. I propose to myself very near the "same thing, for having designed to converse "with all sorts of people, I believed I should "find nothing to disturb me in their conversation or manners, being once accustomed to "bear the unhappy temper of Xantippe. "

The company relished what Socrates said, and the thought appeared very reasonable. Then a hoop being brought in, with swords fixed all around it, their points upwards, and placed in the middle of the hall; the dancing girl immediately leapt head-foremost into it, through the midst of the points, and then out again, with a wonderful agility. This sight

gave the company more surprize and fear, than pleasure, every one believing she would wound herself; but she received no harm, and performed her feats, with all the courage and assurance imaginable.

The company may say what  
*That there is* they please, said Socrates, but  
*a habit of cou-* if I am not mistaken, no body  
*rage, and may* will deny, but courage may be  
*be learned.* learnt, and that there are ma-

sters for this virtue in particular; though they will not allow it in the other virtues we were just now speaking of: since a girl, you see, has the courage to throw her self through the midst of naked swords, which, I believe, none of us dare venture upon. Truly, said Antisthenes, to whom Socrates spoke, the Syracusian may soon make his fortune, if he would but show this girl in a full theatre, and promise the Athenians, that for a considerable sum of money, he would instruct them to be as little afraid of the Lacedaemonian lances, as this girl of her swords. Ah! cries the buffoon, what pleasure should I take, to  
 see

see Pisander, that grave counsellor of state, taking lessons from this girl; he that is like to swoon away at the sight of a lance, and says, it is a barbarous cruel custom to go to war, and kill men.

After this, the little boy danced, which gave *Dancing and the occasion to Socrates to advantages of it.* say; You see this child, who appeared beautiful enough before, is yet much more so now, by his gesture and motion, than when he stood still. You talk, said Charmides, as if you were inclinable to esteem the trade of a dancing-master. Without doubt, said Socrates; when I observe the usefulness of that exercise, and how the feet, the legs, the neck, and indeed the whole body, are all in action, I believe whoever would have his body supple, easy, and healthful, should learn to dance. And in good earnest, I am resolved to take a lesson of the Syracusian, whenever he pleases. But it was replied, When you have learnt to do all this little boy does, what advantage can it be to you? I shall then dance,

said Socrates. At which all the company burst out a-laughing; but Socrates, with a composed and serious countenance, Methinks you are pleasant, said he; what is it tickles you? Is it because dancing is not a wholesome exercise, or that after it we do not eat and sleep with more pleasure? You know, those, who accustom themselves to the long † foot-race, have generally thick legs and narrow shoulders: and, on the contrary, our Gladiators and Wrestlers have broad shoulders and small legs.

“ Now, instead of producing such effects, the  
“ exercise of dancing occasions in us so many  
“ various motions, and agitating all the members of the body with so equal a poise, renders the whole of a just proportion, both with  
“ regard to strength and beauty.” What reason then can you find to laugh, when I tell you I design to dance? I hope you would not think it decent, for a man of my age, to go into a pu-

\* Running was a part of the Olympic and other public games; and what is here called the Dolie, was the place where they ran, about the length of two English miles.

blic school, and unrobe my self before all the company, to dance; I need not do that, a parlour, like this we are in, will serve my turn. You may see, by this little boy, that one may sweat as well in a little room, as an academy, or a public-place; and in a winter you may dance in a warm apartment; in summer, if the heat be excessive, in the shade. When I have told you all this, laugh on, if you please, at my saying, I design to dance. Besides, you know I have a belly something larger than I could wish; and are you surprized, if I endeavour to bring it down by exercise? Have you not heard, that Charmides, the other morning, when he came to visit me, found me dancing? Very true, said Charmides; and I was extremely surprized, and afraid you had lost your senses: but when you had given me the same reasons you have now, I went back to my house, and, tho I cannot dance, I began to move my hands and legs, and practise over some lessons, which I remembered something of, when I was young.

Faith, said Philip to Socrates, I believe your thighs and shoulders are exactly of the same weight, so that if you put one into one scale, and the other into the other, as the civil magistrate weighs bread in the market-place, you will not be in danger of being forfeited; for there is not an ounce, no not a grain, difference between them. Well then, said Callias, when you have an inclination for a lesson of dancing, Socrates, pray call upon me, that we may learn together. With all my heart, answered Socrates. And I could wish, said Philip, that some one would take the flute, and let Socrates and me dance before this good company; for, methinks, I have a mighty mind that way. With that he jumped up, and took two or three frisks round the hall, in imitation of the dancing boy and girl. Upon which every body took notice, that all those gestures or motions, that were so beautiful and easy in the little boy, appeared awkward and ridiculous in Philip: and when the little girl, bending backwards, touched her heels with her head, and flung herself swiftly round three or four

times, like a wheel, Philip would needs do the same, but in a manner very different; for bending himself forward, and endeavouring to turn round, you may imagine with what success he came off. Afterwards, when every one praised the child, for keeping her whole body in the exactest and most regular motion in the dance, Philip bad the music strike up a brisker tune, and began to move his head, his arms, and his heels, all at once, till he could hold out no longer: then throwing himself on the couch, he cried out, I have exercised myself so thoroughly that I have already one good effect of it, I am plaguy thirsty. Boy, bring the great glass that stands on the side-board, and fill it up to me, for I must drink. Very well,

said Callias, the whole com- *That a man*  
pany shall drink, if you please, *ought to*  
master Philip, for we are thir- *drink small*  
sty too, with laughing at you. *glasses.*

It is my opinion, too, said Socrates, that we drink; wine moistens and tempers the spirits, and lulls the cares of the mind to rest, as opium does the body. On

the other hand, it revives our joys, and is oil to the dying flame of life. It is with our bodies, as with seeds sown in the earth, when they are over-watered, they cannot shoot forth, and are unable to penetrate the surface of the ground: but when they have just so much moisture as is requisite, we may behold them break through the clod with vigour; and pushing boldly upwards, produce their flowers, and then their fruits. It is much the same thing with us; if we drink too much, the whole man is deluged, his spirits are overwhelmed, and is so far from being able to talk reasonably, or indeed to talk at all, that it is with the utmost pain he draws his breath. But if we drink temperately, and small draughts at a time, the wine distils upon our lungs like sweetest morning dew (to use the words of that noble orator Gorgias). It is then the wine commits no rape upon our reason, but pleasantly invites us to agreeable mirth. Every one was of his opinion, and Philip said he had something to offer, which was this; Your servants, said he, that wait at the side-

board should imitate good coachmen, who are never esteemed such, till they can turn dexterously and quick. The advice was immediately put in practice, and the servants went round, and filled every man his glass.

Then the little boy, tuning his guitar to the flute, sung and played at the same time; which gave mighty satisfaction to all the company. Upon this Charmides spoke; What Socrates, said he, just now offered, about the effects of wine, may, in my opinion, with little difference, be applied to music and beauty, especially when they are found together: for I begin, in good earnest, to be sensible, that this fine mixture buries sorrow, and is at the same time the parent of love. Whereupon Socrates took occasion to say, If these people are thus capable of diverting us, I am well assured, we are now capable ourselves, and I believe no-body here doubts it. In my judgement, it would be shameful for us, now we are met together, not to endeavour to benefit one another, by some agreeable or serious

entertainment. What say you, gentlemen? They generally replied, Begin then the discourse, from which we are to hope so good an effect. I hope, said Socrates, to obtain that favour of Callias, if he would but give us a taste of those fine things he learned of Prodicus: you know he promised us this when we came to sup with him. With all my heart, said Callias, I am willing, but on condition, that you will all please to contribute to the conversation, and every one tell, in his turn, what it is he values himself most upon. Be it so, said Socrates. I will tell you then, added Callias, what I esteem most, and value myself chiefly upon; it is this, That I have it in my power to make men better. How so, said Antisthenes, will you teach them to become rich or honest? Justice is honesty, replied Callias. You are in the right, said Antisthenes, I do not dispute it; for though there are some occasions, when even courage or wisdom may be hurtful to one's friends or the government, yet justice is ever the same, and can never mix with dishonesty. When therefore every one of us,

says Callias, has told wherein he chiefly values himself, and is most useful to others, I shall then likewise make no scruple to tell you, by what arts I am able to perform what I told you; that is, to make men better.

Soc. But, Nicerates, what is the thing that you value yourself most upon?

† Nic. It is that my father, designing to make a virtuous man of me, ordered me to get by heart every verse of Homer: and I believe I can repeat you at this minute the whole Iliad and Odyssey. But you know very well, said Antisthenes, every public ‡ rehearser, or ballad-singer, does the same at all the corners of the streets. I acknowledge it, said Nicerates; nor does a day pass but I go to hear them.

Ant. I think them a pack of scandalous wretches. What say you?

Nic. I am of your opinion.

Soc. It is certain, they do not know the sense of one verse they recite: but you||, who

† Nicerates here represents a true pedant.

‡ These were people who got their livelihood by singing Homer's verses about the streets of Athens.

|| This is spoke in railery.

have given so much money to Hesimbrotus, Anaximander, and other wise men, to instruct you in wisdom, you cannot be ignorant of any thing.

Now it is your turn, Critobulus, continued Socrates: tell us then, if you please, what is it you value yourself most upon? On beauty, replied he. But will you say, Socrates, that yours is such as will help to make us better?

Soc. I understand you; but if I do not make that out anon, then blame me. What says Antisthenes? Upon what does he value himself?

ANT. I think I can value myself upon nothing in this world equal to that of being rich.

He had scarce done speaking, when Hermogenes took him up, and asked him, how much he was worth? Faith, not one half-penny, said Antisthenes.

HER. But you have a good estate in land—.

ANT. I may perhaps have just as much as may afford dust for Autolicus, the next time he has a mind to \* wrestle.

\* The wrestlers at the public games, after they had rubbed themselves with oils, they had dust thrown upon them, to dry it up.

Soc. Charmides, Will you, in few words, acquaint us, what it is you value yourself most upon?

CHARM. Poverty.

Soc. Very well; you have made an excellent choice: it is indeed in itself of an admirable nature; no-body will be your rival; you may preserve it without care, and even negligence is its security. These are not small reasons, you see.

CALLIAS. But since you have asked the whole company, may we not enquire of you, Socrates, what it is you value yourself upon?

When Socrates, putting on a very grave and solemn air, answered, coldly, and without hesitation, I value myself upon † PROCURING. The gravity of the speaker, and the manner of speaking a word so little expected from Socrates, set the whole company a-laughing. Very well, gentlemen, said he, I am glad you are pleased; but I am very certain, this profession of mine, if I apply myself closely to it, will bring in money enough, if I pleased.

† I cannot find a softer word in English for the Greek here. Socrates explains himself afterwards.

When Lycon pointing to Philip, Well, what say you? You, I suppose, value yourself upon making men laugh? Yes, certainly, said Philip; and have I not more reason to be proud of myself for this, than that fine spark, Callipides, who is so fond, you know, of making his audience weep, when he recites his verses in the theatre? But, Lycon, said Antisthenes, let us know what it is you value yourself most upon? what gives you greatest content? You know very well, answered he, what I esteem the most, and which gives me the greatest pleasure, it is to be the father of such a son as Autolicus.

And for your son, said some of the company, he, no question, values himself most upon carrying the prize the other day, at the Olympic games. Not so, I assure you, said Autolicus, blushing. And then the whole company turning their eyes with pleasure towards him, one of them asked him, What is it then, Autolicus, you value yourself most upon? It is, replied he, that I am the son of such a father; and at the same time turned himself

lovingly towards him for a kiss. Callias, who observed it, said to Lycon, Do not you know yourself to be the richest man in the world? I cannot tell that, replied Lycon. And yet it is true, said Callias; for you would not change this son of yours for the wealth of Persia.

LYCON. Be it so, I am then the richest man in the world, nor will I contradict your opinion.

Then Nicerates addressing himself to Hermogenes, What is it, said he, that you value yourself most upon? On virtue, answered he, and the power of my friends: and that with these two advantages, I have yet the good fortune to be beloved by these friends.

Then every one looking upon him, began to enquire, who were his friends? I will satisfy you, said he, as you shall see, when it comes to my turn.

Then Socrates resumed the discourse; Now you have all, said he, declared your opinions, as to what you value yourselves most upon; it remains, that you prove it. Let us now

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then hear every man's reasons, if you please, for his opinion.

Hear me first then, said Callias; for though you have all been long enquiring what justice is, I alone have found the secret to make men just and honest.

Soc. How so?

CALL. By giving them money.

At these words, Antisthenes, rising up, asked him, hastily, Is justice to be found in the heart, or the pocket?

CALL. In the heart.

ANT. And would you then make us believe, that by filling a bag with money, you can make the heart honest or just?

CALL. Most assuredly.

ANT. How?

CALL. Because when they have all things necessary for life, they will not, for the world, run any hazard by committing evil actions.

ANT. But do they repay you again, what they receive of you?

CALL. Not at all.

ANT. Nothing but gratitude, I hope, good thanks for good money.

CALL. Not that neither: for I can tell you something you will hardly believe; I have found some people of so evil a nature, that they love me less, for receiving benefits from me. Then Antisthenes replied briskly,

ANT. That is wonderful, you make men just and honest to others, and they prove unjust and dishonest only to you.

CALL. Not so wonderful neither! Have we not architects and masons, who build houses for other men, and live in hired lodgings themselves? Have patience, my master, said he, turning to Socrates, and I will prove this, beyond dispute. You need not, said Socrates, for besides what you allege for a proof, there is another that occurs to me: do you not see there are certain diviners, who pretend to foretell every thing to other people, and are intirely ignorant of what is to happen to themselves. Socrates said no more.

It is now my turn to speak, said Nicerates;

† Hear then what I am going to say, attend to a conversation which will necessarily make you better, and more polite. You all know, or I am much mistaken, there is nothing that relates to human life, but Homer has spoke of it. Whoever then would learn oeconomy, eloquence, arms, whoever would be master of every qualification that is to be found in Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, or Nestor, let him but apply himself to me, and he shall become perfect in them, for I am intirely master of all that. Very well, said Antisthenes, you have learned likewise the art of being a king; for you may remember Homer praises Agamemnon for that he was,

*A noble warrior, and a mighty prince.*

NIC. I learned too from Homer, how a coachman ought to turn at the end of his career.  
He

\* Here Nicerates plays the pedant indeed, as if to be able to repeat Homer was to be truly learned.

He ought to incline his body to the left, and give the word to the horse that is on the right, and make use at the same time of a very loose rein. I have learned all this from him, and another secret too, which, if you please, we will make trial of immediately: the same Homer says somewhere, that an onion relishes well with a bottle. Now let some of your servants bring an onion, and you will see with what pleasure you will drink. I know very well, said Charmides, what he means; Nice-rates, gentlemen, thinks deeper than you imagine. He would willingly go home with the scent of an onion in his mouth, that his wife may not be jealous or suspect he has been kissing abroad. A very good thought, said So-crates; but, perhaps, I have one full as whimsi-cal, and worthy of him: it is, that an onion does not only relish wine, but victuals too, and gives a higher seasoning: but if we should eat them now after supper, they would say, we had committed a debauch at Callias's; No, no, said Callias, you can never think

so; but onions, they say, are very good to prepare people for the day of battle, and inspire courage; you know they feed cocks so against they fight: but our business, at present, I presume, is love, not war, and so much for onions.

Then Critobulus began;  
*Beauty and its advantages.* I am now, said he, to give my reasons why I value myself so much upon my beauty; "If I am not handsome, (and I know "very well what I think of the matter) "you ought all of you to be accounted "impostors; for without being obliged to "it upon oath, when you were asked, what "was your opinion of me? you all swore I "was handsome; and I thought myself obliged to believe you, being men of honour that scorned a lie: if then I am really handsome, and you feel the same pleasure that I do, when I behold another beautiful person, I am ready to call all the gods to witness, that were it in my choice, either "to reign king of Persia, or be that beauty,

“ I would quit the empire to preserve my form.  
 “ In truth, nothing in this world touches me  
 “ so agreeably, as the sight of Amandra; and  
 “ I could willingly be blind to all other ob-  
 “ jects, if I might but always enjoy the sight  
 “ of her I so tenderly love.

*I curse my slumbers, doubly curse the night,    H*  
*That hides the lovely maid from my desiring sight:   H*  
*But, oh! I bless the chearful god's return,   H*  
*And welcome with my praise the ruddy morn:   H*  
*Light with the morn returns; return, my fair,   H*  
*She is my light, the morn restores my dear.   H*

“ There is something more in the matter,  
 “ besides this, to be considered. A person,  
 “ that is vigorous and strong, cannot attain  
 “ his designs but by his strength and vigour;  
 “ a brave man by his courage; a scholar by  
 “ his learning and conversation: but the beau-  
 “ tiful person does all this, without any pains,  
 “ by being only looked at. I know very well,  
 “ how sweet the possession of wealth is, but I

“ would sacrifice all to Amanda, and I should  
“ with more pleasure give all my estate to her,  
“ than to receive a thousand times more from  
“ any other. I would lay my liberty at her  
“ feet, if she would accept me for her slave;  
“ fatigue would be much more agreeable to  
“ me, than repose, and dangers than ease, if  
“ indured in the service of Amanda. If then  
“ you boast yourself so much, Callias, that  
“ you can make men honest by your wealth,  
“ I have much more reason to believe, I am  
“ able to produce in them all sorts of virtue  
“ by the meer force of beauty: for when beau-  
“ ty inspires, it makes its votaries generous  
“ and industrious; they thereby acquire a no-  
“ ble thirst after glory, and a contempt of dan-  
“ gers; and all this attended with an humble  
“ and respectful modesty; which makes them  
“ blush to ask, what they wish most to possess.  
“ I think the government is stark mad, that  
“ they do not chuse for generals the most beau-  
“ tiful persons in the state: for my part, I  
“ would go through fire, to follow such a  
“ commander, and I believe you would all do

“ the same for me. Doubt not then, So-  
“ crates, but beauty may do much good to  
“ mankind; nor does it avail to say beauty  
“ does soon fade; for there is one beau-  
“ ty of a child, another of a boy, another of  
“ a man. There is likewise a beauty of old  
“ age, as in those who carry the † consecra-  
“ ted branches at the feast of Minerva; for  
“ you know, for that ceremony they make  
“ choice always of the handsomest old men.  
“ Now if it is desirable to obtain without trou-  
“ ble what one wishes, I am satisfied that  
“ without speaking one word, I should soon-  
“ er persuade that little girl to kiss me than  
“ any of you, with all the arguments you can  
“ use, no, not you yourself, Socrates, with  
“ all the strength of your extolled eloquence.”  
Why, Critobulus, do you give yourself this  
air of vanity, said Socrates, as if you were  
handsomer than I? Doubtless, replied Cri-

## H 3

\* These were of the olive-tree kept sacred in the  
citadel of Athens, and both old men and old women car-  
ried them by turns.

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tobulus, if I have not the advantage of you in beauty, I must be uglier than the Sileni†, as they are painted by the poets. (Now Socrates had some resemblance to those figures.)

Soc. Take notice, if you please, that this article of beauty will be soon decided anon, after every one has taken his turn to speak; nor shall we call Paris to make a judgement for us, as he did in the case of the three goddesses about the apple; and this very young girl, who, you would make us believe, had much rather kiss you, than any of us, she shall determine it.

CRIT. And why may not Amandra be as good a judge of this matter?

Soc. Amandra must needs have a large possession of your heart, seeing, by your good-will, you would never name any other name but her's.

CRIT. True, and yet when I do not speak of her, do you think, she lives not in my me-

\* The Sileni were the foster-fathers of Bacchus, and horridly deformed.

mory? I assure you, if I were a painter or a statuary, I could draw her picture or statue by the idea of her in my mind, as well as if she were to sit to it.

Soc. Since then you have her image in your heart, and that image resembles her so strongly, why is it that you importune me continually to carry you to places, where you are sure to meet her?

CRIT. It is because the sight of Amanda only gives me real joy.

*Th'idea does no solid pleasure give,  
She must within my sight, as well as fancy, live.*

Hermogenes interrupted the discourse, and addressing himself to Socrates, said; You ought not to abandon Critobulus in the condition he is in; for the violent transport and fury of his passion makes me uneasy for him, and I know not where it may end.

Soc. What? Do you think he is become

thus only since he was acquainted with me? You are mightily deceived; for I can assure you this fire has been kindled ever since they were children. Critobulus's father, having observed it, begged of me that I would take care of his son, and endeavour, if I could, by all means, to cure him of it. He is better now; things were worse formerly: for I have seen when Amandra appeared in company, Critobulus, poor creature, would stand as one struck dead, without motion, and his eyes so fixed upon her, as if he had beheld Medusa's head, insomuch that it was impossible almost for me to bring him to himself.

I remember one day after  
*Of kissing.* certain amorous glances, (this is  
between ourselves only,) he ran  
up to her and kissed her; and heaven knows,  
nothing gives more fuel to the fire of love than  
kisses. For this pleasure is not like others,  
which either lessen or vanish in the enjoyment;  
on the contrary, it gathers strength the more  
it is repeted; and flattering our souls with  
sweet and favourable hopes, bewitches our

minds with a thousand beautiful images. Thence it may be that to love and to kiss are frequently expressed by the same word in the Greek: and it is for that reason, I think, he, that would preserve the liberty of his soul, should abstain from kissing handsome people. What then, said Charmides, must I be afraid of coming near a handsome woman? Nevertheless, I remember very well, and I believe you do so too, Socrates, that being one day in company with Critobulus's beautiful sister, who resembles him so much, as we were searching together for a passage in some author, you held your head very close to that beautiful virgin; and I thought you seemed to take pleasure in touching her naked shoulder with your's. Good God! replied Socrates, I will tell you truly, how I was punished for it for five days after; I thought I felt in my shoulder a certain tickling pain, as if I had been bit by gnats, or pricked with nettles; and I must confess too, that during all that time I felt a certain, hitherto unknown, pain at my heart. But, Critobulus, take notice what I am going

to tell you before this good company ; it is, that I would not have you come too near me, till you have as many hairs upon your chin as your head, for fear you put me in mind of your handsom sifter.

Thus the conversation between these gentlemen was sometimes serious, sometimes in railery. After this, Callias took up the discourse ; It is your turn now, says he, Charmides, to tell us what reasons you have for valuing yourself so much upon poverty. I will, replied Charmides, and without delay. Is

“ any thing more certain, than that it is  
 “ better to be brave than a coward, a free-  
 “ man than a slave, to be credited than di-  
 “ trusted, to be inquired after for your con-  
 “ versation, than to court others for their’s ?  
 “ These things, I believe, may be granted me  
 “ without much difficulty : now when I was  
 “ rich, I was in continual fear of having my  
 “ house broken by thieves, and my money  
 “ stole, or my throat cut upon the account

“ of it. Besides all this, I was forced to keep  
“ in fee with some of these pettyfogging raf-  
“ cals, that retain to the law, who swarm all  
“ over the town like so many locusts. This I  
“ was forced to do, because they were always  
“ in a condition to hurt me; and I had no  
“ way to retaliate upon them. Then I was  
“ obliged to bear public offices at my own  
“ charges, and to pay taxes; nor was it per-  
“ mitted me, to go abroad to travel, to avoid  
“ that expence. But now that my estate, which  
“ I had without the frontiers of our repu-  
“ blic, is all gone, and my land in Attica  
“ brings me in no rent, and all my household-  
“ goods are exposed to sale, I sleep wonder-  
“ fully sound, and stretched upon my bed as  
“ one altogether fearless of officers. The go-  
“ vernment is now no more jealous of me, nor  
“ I of it; thieves fright me not, and I my  
“ self affright others. I travel abroad when  
“ I please; and when I please, I stay at A-  
“ thens. What is to be free, if this is not?  
“ Besides, rich men pay respect to me; they  
“ run from me, to leave me the chair, or to

“ give me the wall. In a word, I am now  
“ perfectly a king; I was then perfectly a  
“ slave. I have yet another advantage from  
“ my poverty: I then paid tribute to the re-  
“ public: now the republic pays tribute to me,  
“ for it maintains me. Then every one snarl-  
“ ed at me, because I was often with Socra-  
“ tes: now that I am poor, I may converse  
“ with him, or any other I please, without a-  
“ nybody’s, being uneasy at it. I have yet an-  
“ other satisfaction; In the days of my e-  
“ state, either the government or my ill for-  
“ tune were continually clipping it: now that  
“ is all gone, it is impossible to get any thing  
“ of me; he, that has nothing, can lose no-  
X “ thing. And I have the continual pleasure, of  
“ hoping to be worth something again, one  
“ time or other.”

Do not you pray heartily against riches, says Callias? And if you should happen to dream you were rich, would you not sacrifice to the gods, to avert the ill omen? No, no, replied Charmides: but when any flattering hope presents, I wait patiently for the success. Then

Socrates turning to Antisthenes; And what reason have you, said he, who have very little, or no money, to value yourself upon wealth?

ANT. "Because I am of o-

"pinion, gentlemen, that po- *Of true riches.*  
"verty and wealth are not in  
"the coffers of those we call rich or poor,  
"but in the heart only: for I see numbers of  
"very rich men, who believe themselves poor;  
"nor is there any peril or labour they will  
"not expose themselves to, to acquire more  
"wealth. I knew two brothers, the other day,  
"who shared equally their father's estate. The  
"first had enough, and something to spare;  
"the other wanted every thing. I have heard  
"likewise of some princes so greedy of wealth,  
"that they were more notoriously criminal  
"in the search of it, than private men; for  
"though the latter may sometimes steal,  
"break houses, and sell free persons to slavery,  
"to support the necessities of life; yet  
"those do much worse: they ravage whole  
"countries, put nations to the sword, en-  
"slave free states; and all this for the sake

“ of money, and to fill the coffers of their  
“ treasury. The truth is, I have a great deal  
“ of compassion for these men, when I consider the distemper that afflicts them. Is it  
“ not an unhappy condition, to have a great  
“ deal to eat, to eat a great deal; and yet never be satisfied? For my part, though I confess I have no money at home, yet I want  
“ none; because I never eat but just as much  
“ as will satisfy my hunger; nor drink, but  
“ to quench my thirst. I clothe myself in  
“ such manner, that I am as warm abroad as  
“ Callias, with all his great abundance. And  
“ when I am at home, the floor and the wall,  
“ without mats or tapistry, make my chamber warm enough for me. And as for my  
“ bed, such as it is, I find it more difficult to  
“ awake, than to fall asleep in it. If at any  
“ time a natural necessity requires me to converse with women, I part with them as well  
“ satisfied as another. For those, to whom I  
“ make my addresses, having not much practice elsewhere, are as fond of me as if I  
“ were a prince. But do not mistake me, gen-

“ tlemen, for governing my passion in this as  
“ in other things: I am so far from desiring  
“ to have more pleasure in the enjoyment,  
“ that I wish it less; because, upon due con-  
“ sideration, I find those pleasures, that touch  
“ us in the most sensible manner, deserve not  
“ to be esteemed the most worthy of us. But  
“ observe the chief advantage I reap from my  
“ poverty; it is, that in case the little I have  
“ should be taken entirely from me, there is  
“ no occupation so poor, no employment in  
“ life so barren, but would maintain me, with-  
“ out the least uneasiness, and afford me a din-  
“ ner, without any trouble. For if I have an  
“ inclination at any time to regale myself,  
“ and indulge my appetite, I can do it easily;  
“ it is but going to market, not to buy dain-  
“ ties, they are too dear, but my temperance  
“ gives that quality to the most common food;  
“ and by that means, the contentedness of  
“ my mind supplies me with delicacies, that  
“ are wanting in the meat itself. Now it is  
“ not the excessive price of what we eat that  
“ gives it a relish; but it is necessity and ap-

“ petite. Of this I have experience just now,  
 “ while I am speaking; for this generous wine  
 “ of Thasos \*, that I am now drinking, the  
 “ exquisite flavor of it is the occasion that I  
 “ drink it now without thirst, and conse-  
 X “ quently without pleasure. Besides all this,  
 “ I find it is necessary to live thus, in order  
 “ to live honestly. For he, that is content with  
 “ what he has, will never covet what is his  
 “ neighbour’s. Further, it is certain, the  
 “ wealth I am speaking of makes men libe-  
 “ ral: for Socrates, from whom I have all  
 “ mine, never gave it me by number or weight;  
 “ but whenever I was willing to receive, he  
 “ loads me always with as much as I can car-  
 “ ry. I do the same by my friends; I never  
 “ conceal my plenty. On the contrary, I show  
 “ them all I have, and at the same time I let  
 “ them share with me. It is from this like-  
 “ wise, I am become master of one of the most  
 “ delightful things in the world; I mean,  
 “ that

\* The noblest vines that grew in one of the Grecian  
 islands.

“ that soft and charming leisure, that permits  
“ me to see every thing that is worthy to be  
“ seen; and to hear every thing that is wor-  
“ thy to be heard. It is, in one word, that  
“ which affords me the happiness of hearing  
“ Socrates from morning to night; for he,  
“ having no great veneration for those, that  
“ can only count vast sums of gold and silver,  
“ converses only with them who, he finds, are  
“ agreeable to him, and deserve his company.”

Truly, said Callias, I admire you, and these  
your excellent riches, for two reasons: first,  
that thereby you are no slave to the govern-  
ment: and, secondly, that no body can take  
it ill you do not lend them money. Pray do not  
admire him for the last, said Nicerates \*; for  
I am about to borrow of him what he most va-  
lues; that is, to need nothing; for by read-  
ing Homer, and especially that passage, where  
he says,

## I

\* Nicerates was both very rich and very covetous, be-  
ing the son of Nicias, whose life is writ by Plutarch.

*Ten golden talents, seven three-legged stools,  
Just twenty cisterns, and twelve charging steeds;*

I have so accustomed myself, from this passage, to be always upon numbering and weighing, that I begin to fear I shall be taken for a miser. Upon this they all laughed heartily; for there was no-body there, but believed Niccerates spoke what he really thought, and what were his real inclinations.

After this, one spoke to Hermogenes. It is yours now, said he, to tell us who are your friends; and make it appear, that if they have much power, they have equal will to serve you with it; and consequently, that you have reason to value yourself upon them.

// HERMOG. “\* There is one thing, gentlemen, universally received, among Barbarians as well as Greeks; and that is, that the gods know both the present, and what is to come: and for that reason they are con-

\* This is one of the noblest periods in all antiquity.

“ sulted and applied to by all mankind, with  
“ sacrifices, to know of them what they ought  
“ to do. This supposes, that they have the  
“ power to do us good or evil; otherwise  
“ why should we pray to them, to be deliver-  
“ ed from evils that threaten us, or to grant  
“ us the good we stand in need of? Now these  
“ very gods, who are both all-seeing and all-  
“ powerful, they are so much my friends, and  
“ have so peculiar a care of me, that be it night,  
“ be it day, whether I go any where, or take  
“ any thing in hand, they have me ever in  
“ their view, and under their protection, and  
“ never lose me out of their sight. They fore-  
“ know all the events, and all the thoughts,  
“ and actions, of us poor mortals. They fore-  
“ warn us by some secret prescience impres-  
“ sed on our minds, or by some good angel  
“ or dream, what we ought to avoid, and what  
“ we ought to do. For my part, I have never  
“ had occasion yet to repent these secret im-  
“ pulses given me by the gods, but have been  
“ often punished for neglecting them. There

“ is nothing in what you have said, added  
“ Socrates, that should look incredible: but  
“ I would willingly hear, by what services  
“ you oblige the gods to be so much your  
“ friends, and to love and take all this care  
“ of you? That is done very cheap, and at  
“ little or no expence, replied Hermogenes;  
“ for the praises I give them cost me nothing.  
“ If I sacrifice to them after I have received a  
“ blessing from them, that very sacrifice is at  
“ their own charge. I return them thanks on  
“ all occasions; and if at any time I call them  
“ to witness, it is never to a lie, or against  
“ my conscience. Truly, said Socrates, if such  
“ men as you have the gods for their friends,  
“ and I am sure they have, it is certain, those  
“ gods take pleasure in good actions, and the  
“ practice of virtue.” //

Here ended their serious entertainment.  
What followed was of another kind; for all  
of them, turning to Philip, asked him, What  
it was he found so very valuable in his pro-  
fession? Have I not reason to be proud of my  
trade, said he, all the world knowing me to be a

buffoon? If any good-fortune happens to them, they chearfully invite me: but when any misfortune comes, they avoid me like the plague, lest I should make them laugh in spite of themselves. Nicerates interrupting him, You have reason indeed, said he, to boast of your profession, for it is quite otherwise with me. When my friends have no occasion for me, they avoid me like the plague; but in misfortunes they are ever about me, and by a forged genealogy, will needs claim kindred with me, and at the same time carry my family up as high as the gods. Very well, said Charmides; now to the rest of the company.

Well, Mr. Syracusan, what is it gives you the greatest satisfaction, or that you value yourself most upon? I suppose, it is that pretty little girl of yours. Quite contrary, says he, I have much more pain than pleasure upon her account. I am in constant apprehension and fear, when I see certain people so busy about her, and trying all insinuating ways to

ruin her†. Good God! said Socrates, what wrong could they pretend to have received from that poor young creature, to do her a mischief? Would they kill her?

SYR. I do not speak of killing; you do not take me, they would willingly get to bed to her.

SOC. Suppose it were so, why, must the girl be ruined therefore?

SYR. Ay, doubtless.

SOC. Do not you lie in bed with her yourself.

SYR. Most certainly, all-night-long.

SOC. By Juno! thou art a happy fellow, to be the only man in the world that does not ruin those you lie with. Well, then, according to your account, what you are proudest of, must be, that you are so wholesom and so harmless a bed-fellow?

SYR. But you are mistaken, it is not her I value myself for neither,

SOC. What then?

SYR. That there are so many fools in the

† The word in the original signifies, to kill, to ruin, or to corrupt.

world. For it is these kind of gentlemen, who come to see my children dance and sing, that supply me with the necessaries of life, which otherwise I might want.

I suppose, then, said Philip, that was the meaning of your prayer the other day before the altar, when you asked the gods, that there might be plenty of every thing in this world, where-ever you came, but of judgement and good-sense.

*Immortal beings, grant my humble prayer ;  
Give Athens all the blessings you can spare ;  
Let them abound in plenty, peace, and pence,  
But never let them want a dearth of sense.*

All is well hitherto, said Callias: but, Socrates, what reason have you to make us believe you are fond of the profession you attributed to yourself just now; for really I take it for a scandalous one?

Soc. First, Let us understand one another; and know in few words, what this artist is

*Socrates explains what he meant by his assertion, of valuing himself on the trade of a*  
 PROCURER. properly to do, whose very name has made you so merry. But, to be brief, let us, in short, fix upon some one thing, that we may all agree in. Shall it be so?

Doubtless, answered all the company. And during the thread of his discourse, they made him no other answer, but DOUBTLESS. Having began so\*, Is it not certainly true, said Socrates, that the business of an artist of that kind is to manage so, as that the person they introduce be perfectly agreeable to one that employs him? Doubtless, they replied. Is it not certain too, that a good face, and fine cloths, does mightly contribute towards the making such a person agreeable? Doubtless, Do you not observe, that the eyes of the same person look, at some times, full of pleasure and kindness; and at other times, with an

\* It was a great advantage that Socrates had in conversation, that his arguments were generally by way of interrogation; by which he argued from the concessions that were made him, what he designed to prove.

air of aversion and scorn? Doubtless. What, does not the same voice sometimes express itself with modesty and sweetness, and sometimes with anger and fierceness? Doubtless. Are there not some discourses that naturally beget hatred and aversion; and others, that conciliate love and affection? Doubtless, If then this artist be excellent in his profession, ought he not to instruct those that are under his direction, which way to make themselves agreeable to others, in all these things I have mentioned? Doubtless. But who is most to be valued; he who renders them agreeable to one person only, or he that renders them agreeable to many? Are you not for the last? Some of them answered him, as before, with Doubtless; and the rest said, It was very plain, that it was much better to please a great many, than a few. That is very well, said Socrates; we agree upon every head hitherto: but what if the person, we are speaking of, can instruct his pupil to gain the hearts of a whole state? Will not you say, he is excellent in his art? This they all agreed was clear.

And if he can raise his scholars to such perfection, has he not reason to be proud of his profession? And deserves he not to receive a handsom reward? Every one answered, It was their opinion he did. Now, said Socrates, if there was such a man to be found in the world, it is Antisthenes, or I am mistaken.

ANT. How, Socrates! will you make me one of your scurvy profession?

SOC. Certainly, for I know you are perfectly skilled in what may properly be called an appendix to it.

ANT. What is that?

SOC. Bringing people together.

To this Antisthenes, with some concern, replied, Did you ever know me guilty of a thing of this kind?

SOC. Yes, but keep your temper. You procured Callias for Prodicus, finding the one was in love with philosophy, and the other in want of money. You did the same before, in procuring Callias for Hippias, who taught him the art of memory, and he is become such a proficient, that he is more amorous now

than ever; for every woman he sees, that is tolerable handsom, he can never forget her, so perfectly has he learned of Hippias the art of memory. You have done yet more than this, Antisthenes; for lately praising a friend of yours, of Heraclea, to me, it gave me a great desire to be acquainted with him. At the same time, you praised me to him, which occasioned his desire to be acquainted with me; for which I am mightily obliged to you, for I find him a very worthy man. Praising likewise, in the same manner, Esquilius to me, and me to him, did not your discourse inflame us both with such mutual affection, that we searched every day for one another with the utmost impatience, till we came acquainted? Now having observed you capable of bringing about such desirable things, had not I reason to say, you are an excellent bringer of people together? I know very well, that one who is capable of being useful to his friend, in fomenting mutual friendship and love between that friend and another he knows to be worthy of him, is likewise capable of begetting the same disposition between towns and states: he is able

to make state-marriages; nor has our republic, or our allies, a subject that may be more useful to them. And yet you were angry with me, as if I had affronted you, when I said you were master of this art,

ANT. That is true, Socrates; but my anger is now over, and were I really what you say I am, I must have a soul incomparably rich.

Now you have heard in what manner every one spoke, when Callias began again, and said to Critobulus, Will you not then venture into the lists with Socrates, and dispute beauty with him.

Soc. I believe not; for he knows my art gives me some interest with the judges.

CRITOB. Come, I will not refuse to enter the lists, for once, with you; pray then use all your eloquence, and let us know, how you prove yourself to be handsomer than I.

Soc. That shall be  
*Description of* done presently; bring but  
*Socrates's person.* a light, and the thing is  
done.

CRIT. But in order to state the question

well, you will give me leave to ask a few questions.

Soc. I will.

CRIT. But, on second thoughts, I will give you leave to ask what questions you please first.

Soc. Agreed. Do you believe beauty is nowhere to be found, but in man.

CRIT. Yes certainly in other creatures too, whether animate, as a horse or bull, or inanimate things; as we say, that is a handsome sword, or a fine shield, etc.

Soc. But how comes it then, that things, so very different as these, should yet all of them be handsome?

CRIT. Because they are well made, either by art or nature, for the purposes they are employed in.

Soc. Do you know the use of eyes?

CRIT. To see.

Soc. Well! It is for that very reason mine are handsomer than yours.

CRIT. Your reason.

Soc. Yours see only in a direct line; but

as for mine, I can look not only directly forward, as you, but sideways too, they being seated on a kind of ridge on my face, and staring out.

CRIT. At that rate, a crab has the advantage of all other animals in matter of eyes.

Soc. Certainly: for their's are incomparably more solid, and better situated than any other creature's.

CRIT. Be it so as to eyes: but as to your nose, would you make me believe that your's is better shaped than mine?

Soc. There is no room for doubt, if it be granted, that God made the nose for the sense of smelling: for your nostrils are turned downward, but mine are wide, and turned up towards heaven, to receive smells that come from every part, whether from above or below.

CRIT. What! is a short flat nose, then, more beautiful than another.

Soc. Certainly; because being such, it never hinders the sight of both eyes at once; whereas a high nose parts the eyes so much

by its rising, that it hinders their seeing both of them in a direct line.

CRIT. As to your mouth, I grant it you; for if god has given us a mouth to eat with, it is certain your's will receive and chew, as much at once, as mine at thrice.

Soc. Do not you believe too, that my kisses are more luscious and sweet, than your's, having my lips so thick and large?

CRIT. According to your reckoning then, an ass's lips are more beautiful than mine.

Soc. And lastly, I must excel you in beauty for this reason; the Naiades, notwithstanding they are sea goddesses, are said to have brought forth the Sileni; and sure, I am much more like them, than you can pretend to be. What say you to that?

CRIT. I say it is impossible to hold a dispute with you, Socrates; and therefore let us determine this point by ballotting, and so we shall know presently who has the best of it, you or I; but, pray, let it be done in the dark, lest Antisthenes's riches and your eloquence should corrupt the judges.

Whereupon the little dancing boy and girl brought in the balloting box, and Socrates called at the same time for a flambeau to be held before Critobulus, that the judges might not be surpris'd in their judgement. He desired likewise, that the conqueror, instead of garters and ribbands, as were usual in such victories, should receive a kiss from every one of the company. After this they went to balloting, and it was carried unanimously for Critobulus. Whereupon Socrates said to him; Indeed, Critobulus, your money has not the same effect with Callias's, to make men juster; for yours, I see, is able to corrupt a judge upon the bench. After this, some of the company told Critobulus, he ought to demand the kisses due to his victory; and the rest said, it was proper to begin with him who made the proposition. In short, every one was pleasant in his way, except Hermogenes, who spoke not one word all the time, which oblig'd Socrates to ask him, if he knew the meaning of the word *Paroinia*?

HER.

HER. If you ask me what it is precisely, I do not know: but if you ask my opinion of it, perhaps, I can tell you what it may be.

SOC. That is enough.

HER. I believe then that Paroinia signifies the pain and uneasiness we undergo in the company of people that we are not pleased with. Be assured then, said Socrates, this is what has occasioned that prudent silence of yours all this time.

HER. How my silence? When you were all speaking.

SOC. No, but your silence, when we have done speaking, and made a full stop.

HER. Well said, indeed! No sooner one has done, but another begins to speak; and I am so far from being able to get in a sentence, that I cannot find room to edge in a syllable. Ah then, said Socrates to Callias, cannot you assist a man that is thus out of humour? Yes, said Callias; for I will be bold to say, when the music begins again, every body will be silent as well as Hermogenes.

HERM. You would have me do then as the poet Nicostrates, who used to recite his grand Iambics to the sound of his flute. And it would be certainly very pretty, if I should talk to you all the time the music played; for God-sake do so, said Socrates; for as the harmony is the more agreeable that the voice and the instrument go together, so your discourse will be more entertaining, for the music that accompanies it; and the more delightful still, if you give life to your words by your gesture and motion, as the little girl does with her flute. But when Antisthenes, said Callias, is pleased to be angry in company, what flute will be tuneable enough to his voice?

ANT. I do not know what occasion there will be for flutes tuned to my voice; but I know, that when I am angry with any one, in dispute, I am loud enough, and I know my own weak side.

As they were talking thus, the Syracusian observing they took no great notice of any thing he could show them, but that they entertained one another on subjects out of his

road, he was out of all temper with Socrates, who, he saw, gave occasion at every turn for some new discourse. Are you, said he to him, that Socrates who is surnamed the contemplative.

Soc. Yes, said Socrates: and is it not much more preferable to be called so, than by another name, for some opposite quality?

SYR. Let that pass: but they do not only say in general that Socrates is contemplative, but that he contemplates things that are sublime.

\* Soc. Know you any thing in the world so sublime and elevated as the gods?

SYR. No; but I am told your contemplations run not that way; they say they are but trifling, and that in searching after things above your reach, your enquiries are good for nothing.

## K 2

\* Here Socrates banters the Syracusan, and in the Greek it is a play of words which cannot be imitated in English.

Soc. It is by this, if I deceive not myself, that I attain to the knowlege of the gods; for it is from above that the gods make us sensible of their assistance; it is from above they inspire us with knowlege. But if what I have said appears dry and insipid, you are the cause for forcing me to answer you.

SYR. Let us then talk of something else: tell me then the just measure of the skip of a flea; for I hear you are a subtle geometrician, and understand the mathematics perfectly well.

But Antisthenes, who was displeased with his discourse, addressing himself to Philip, told him, you are wonderfully happy, I know, in making \* comparisons; pray, who is this Syracusan like, Philip? does he not resemble a man that is apt to give affronts, and say shocking things in company? Faith, said Philip, he appears so to me, and I believe to every body else. Have a care, said Socrates; do not affront him, lest you fall under the same character your self, that you would give him.

\* To make biting comparisons was a part of the buffoons of that age.

PHILIP. Suppose I compare him to a well-bred person, I hope no body will say, I affront him then?

SOC. So much the more, said Socrates; such a comparison must needs affront him to some purpose.

PHIL. Would you then that I compare him to some one that is neither honest nor good?

SOC. By no means.

PHIL. Whom must I compare him to then?  
To no body?

SOC. No body.

PHIL. But it is not proper we should be silent at a feast.

SOC. That is true; but it is as true, we ought rather to be silent, than say any thing we ought not to say.

Thus ended the dispute between Socrates and Philip: however some of the company were for having Philip make his comparisons, others were against it, as not liking that sort of diversion; so that there was a great noise about it in the room. Which Socrates observ-

ing, Very well, said he, since you are for speaking all together, it were as well, in my opinion, that we should sing all together, and with that he began to sing himself. When he had done, they brought the dancing girl one of those wheels the potters use, with which she was to divert the company, in turning herself round it. Upon which Socrates turning to the Syracusan, I believe I shall pass for a contemplative person indeed, said he, as you called me just now; for I am now considering, how it comes to pass, that those two little actors of your's give us pleasure in seeing them perform their tricks, without any pain to themselves, which is what I know you design. I am sensible, that for the little girl to jump headforemost into the hoop of swords, with their points upwards, as she has done just now, must be a very dangerous leap; but I am not convinced that such a spectacle is proper for a feast; I confess likewise it is a surprizing sight to see a person writing and reading at the same time that she is carried round with the motion of the wheel, as the girl has done: but yet I must

own it gives me no great pleasure. For would it not be much more agreeable to see her in a natural easy posture, than putting her handsome body into an unnatural agitation, merely to imitate the motion of a wheel? neither is it so rare, to meet with surprizing and wonderful sights; for here is one before our eyes, if you please to take notice of it. Why does that lamp, whose flame is pure and bright, give all the light to the room, when that looking-glass gives none at all; and yet represents distinctly all objects in its surface? Why does that oil, which is in its own nature wet, augment the flame, and that water, which is wet likewise, extinguish it? But these questions are not proper at this time; and indeed if the two children were to dance to the sound of the flute, dressed in the habits of nymphs, the Graces, or the four seasons of the year, as they are commonly painted, they might undergo less pain, and we receive more pleasure. You are in the right, Sir, said the Syracusan to Socrates; and I am going to represent something

of that kind, that certainly must divert you; and at the same time went out to make it ready, when Socrates began a new discourse.

“ What then, said he, must we  
*A discourse* “ part without saying a word of  
*of Socrates* “ the attributes of that great  
*concerning* “ daemon or power who is pre-  
*love.* “ sent here, and equals in age the  
 “ immortal gods, though to look  
 “ at, he resembles but a child? that daemon  
 “ who by his mighty power is master of all  
 “ things; and yet is ingrafted into the very  
 “ essence and constitution of the soul of man,  
 “ (I mean LOVE)? We may indeed with rea-  
 “ son extol his empire, as having more ex-  
 “ perience of it than the vulgar, who are not  
 “ initiated unto the mysteries of that great  
 “ God, as we are. Truly to speak for one, I  
 “ never remember, I was without being in  
 “ love; I know too that Charmides has had  
 “ a great many lovers, and being much be-  
 “ loved, has loved again. As for Critobulus,  
 “ he is still of an age to love, and to be belov-  
 “ ed; and Nicerates too, who loves so passi-

“ onately his wife, at least as report goes, is  
 “ equally beloved by her. And who of us does  
 “ not know, that the object of that noble pas-  
 “ sion and love of Hermogenes is virtue and  
 “ honesty? Consider, pray, the severity of his  
 “ brows, his piercing and fixed eyes, his dis-  
 “ course so composed and strong, the sweet-  
 “ ness of his voice, the gaiety of his manners:  
 “ and what is yet more wonderful in him,  
 “ that so beloved as he is by his friends the  
 “ gods, he does not disdain us mortals. But  
 “ for you, Antisthenes, are you the only per-  
 “ son in the company that does not love?

ANT. No! for, in faith, I love you, Socrates, with all my heart.

Then Socrates, rallying him, and counterfeiting an angry air, said, Do not trouble me with it now, you see I have other business upon my hands at present.

ANT. I confess you must be an expert master of the trade you valued yourself so much upon a while ago; for sometimes you will not be at the pains to speak to me, and at other

times you pretend your daemon will not permit you, or that you have other business.

Soc. Spare me a little, Antisthenes; I can bear well enough any other troubles that you give me, and I will always bear them as a friend; but I blush to speak of the passion you have for me, since I fear you are not enamoured with the beauty of my soul, but with that of my body.

“ As for you, Callias, \* you love as well  
“ as the rest of us: for who is it that is ignorant of your love for Autolicus? It is the  
“ town-talk, and foreigners as well as our citizens are acquainted with it. The reasons  
“ for your loving him, I believe to be, that  
“ you are both of you born of illustrious families, and at the same time are both possessed of personal qualities that render you  
“ yet more illustrious. For me, I always admired the sweetness and evenness of your  
“ temper; but much more when I consider

\* Here Socrates shows a wonderful address in turning the passion of Callias from Autolicus, to something more elevated, and beyond personal beauty.

“ that your passion for Autolicus is placed on  
“ a person who has nothing luxurious or af-  
“ fected in him; but in all things shows a vi-  
“ gor and temperance worthy of a virtuous  
“ soul, which is a proof at the same time, that  
“ if he is infinitely beloved, he deserves to  
“ be so.

“ I confess, indeed, I am not firmly persuad-  
“ ed, whether there be but one Venus or  
“ two, the celestial and the vulgar; and it  
“ may be with this goddess, as with Jupiter,  
“ who has many different names, tho’ there is  
“ still but one Jupiter. But I know very well,  
“ that both the Venuses have altogether dif-  
“ ferent altars, temples and sacrifices: the  
“ vulgar Venus is worshipped after a common  
“ negligent manner; whereas the celestial  
“ one is adored in purity and sanctity of life.  
“ The vulgar inspires mankind with the love  
“ of the body only, but the celestial fires the  
“ mind with the love of the soul, with friend-  
“ ship, and a generous thirst after noble acti-  
“ ons. I hope that it is this last kind of love,  
“ that has touched the heart of Callias; this

“ I believe, because the person he loves is  
 “ truly virtuous; and whenever he desires  
 “ to converse with him, it is in the presence  
 “ of his father, which is a proof his love is  
 “ perfectly honourable.

“ Upon which Hermogenes began to speak;  
 “ I have always admired you, Socrates, on  
 “ every occasion, but much more now than  
 “ ever. You are complaisant to Callias, and  
 “ indulge his passion. And this your com-  
 “ plaissance is agreeable to him, so it is whol-  
 “ som and instructive, teaching him in what  
 “ manner he ought to love. That is true,  
 “ said Socrates; and that my advice may  
 “ please him yet the more, I will endeavour

“ to prove, that the love of  
*That we are to* “ the soul is incomparably  
*love the beau-* “ preferable to that of the  
*ty of the soul,* “ body. I say then, and we  
*not of the body.* “ all feel the truth of it, that  
 “ no company can be truly  
 “ agreeable to us without friendship; and  
 “ we generally say, whoever entertains a  
 “ great value and esteem for the manners and

“behaviour of a man, he must necessa-  
“rily love him. We know likewise, that a-  
“mong those who love the body only, they  
“many times disapprove the humour of the  
“person they so love, and hate perhaps at the  
“same time the mind and temper, while they  
“endeavour to possess the body. Yet, fur-  
“ther, let us suppose a mutual passion between  
“two lovers of this kind; it is very certain,  
“that the power of beauty, which gives birth  
“to that love, does soon decay and vanish;  
“and how is it possible, that love built on  
“such a weak foundation, should subsist,  
“when the cause that produced it has ceased?  
“But it is otherwise with the soul; for the  
“more she ripens, and the longer she endures,  
“the more lovely she becomes. Besides, as  
“the constant use of the finest delicacies is at-  
“tended, in progress of time, with disgust; so  
“the constant enjoyment of the finest beauty  
“palls the appetite at last. But that love that  
“terminates on the bright qualities of the  
“soul becomes still more and more ardent;  
“and, because it is in its nature altogether

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“ pure and chaste, it admits of no satiety. Nei-  
 “ ther let us think, with some people, that  
 “ this passion, so pure and so chaste, is less  
 “ charming, or less strong, than the other.  
 “ On the contrary, those, who love in this  
 “ manner, are possessed of all that we ask,  
 “ in that our common prayer to Venus,  
 “ *Grant, o Goddess! that we say nothing but*  
 “ *what is agreeable, and do nothing but what*  
 “ *does please.* Now I think it is needless to  
 “ prove, that a person of a noble mien, gene-  
 “ rous and polite, modest and well-bred, and  
 “ in a fair way to rise in the state, ought first  
 “ to be touched with a just esteem for the  
 “ good qualities of the person he courts; for  
 “ this will be granted by all. But I am going  
 “ to prove, in few words, that the person, thus  
 “ addressed to, must infallibly return the love  
 “ of a man that is thus endued with such shin-  
 “ ing accomplishments. For is it possible for  
 “ a woman to hate a man, who, she believes,  
 “ has infinite merit, and who makes his ad-  
 “ dresses to her upon the motive of doing ju-  
 “ stice to her honour and virtue, rather than

“ from a principle of pleasing his appetite? //

“ And how great is the contentment we feel, //

“ when we are persuaded, that no light faults //

“ or errors shall ever disturb the course of a //

“ friendship so happily begun, or that the di- //

“ minution of beauty shall never lessen one’s //

“ affection! How can it ever happen other- //

“ wise, but that persons who love one another //

“ thus tenderly, and with all the liberties of //

“ a pure and sacred friendship, should take the //

“ utmost satisfaction in one another’s com- //

“ pany, in discoursing together, with an in- //

“ tire confidence, in mingling their mutual //

“ interests, and rejoicing in their good for- //

“ tune, and bearing a share in their bad! Such //

“ lovers must needs partake of one another’s //

“ joy or grief, be merry and rejoice with one //

“ another in health, and pay the closest and //

“ tenderest attendance on one another when //

“ sick, and express rather a greater concern //

“ for them when absent, than present. Does //

“ not Venus, and the Graces, shower down their //

“ blessings on those who love thus? For my //

“ part, I take such to be perfectly happy; and //

” “ a friendship like this must necessarily per-  
” “ severe to the end of their lives, uninter-  
” “ ted, and altogether pure. But I confess, I  
” “ cannot see any reason, why one, that loves  
” “ only the exterior beauty of the person he  
” “ courts, should be loved again. Is it because  
” “ he endeavours to obtain something from  
” “ her that gives him pleasure, but her shame?  
” “ Or is it, because in the conduct of their pas-  
” “ sion, they carefully conceal the knowlege  
” “ of it from their parents or friends? Some  
” “ body perhaps may object, that we ought  
” “ to make a different judgement of those who  
” “ use violence, and of those who endeavour  
” “ to gain their point by the force of persua-  
” “ sion; but, I say, these last deserve more hat-  
” “ red than the first. The first appear in their  
” “ proper colours, for wicked persons; and so  
” “ every one is on their guard against such o-  
” “ pen villany: whereas the last, by sly insi-  
” “ nuations, do insensibly corrupt and defile  
” “ the mind of the person they pretend to love.  
” “ Besides, why should they who barter their  
” “ beauty

“ beauty for money, be supposed to have a //  
 “ greater affection for the purchasers, than //  
 “ the trader, who sells his goods in the mar- //  
 “ ket-place, has for his chapman that pays //  
 “ him down the price.” Do not be surprized  
 “ then, if such lovers as these meet often with  
 “ the contempt they deserve. There is one  
 “ thing more in this case worthy of your con-  
 “ sideration; we shall never find, that the  
 “ love, which terminates in the noble quali-  
 “ ties of the mind, has ever produced any dis-  
 “ mal effects. But there are innumerable ex-  
 “ amples of tragical consequences, which have  
 “ attended that love, which is fixed only on  
 “ the beauty of the body. Chiron and Phenix  
 “ loved Achilles, but after a virtuous manner,  
 “ without any other design than to render  
 “ him a more accomplished person. Achilles  
 “ likewise loved and honoured them in return,  
 “ and held them both in the highest venerati-  
 “ on. And indeed I should wonder, if one,  
 “ that is perfectly accomplished, should not  
 “ entertain the last contempt for those who

“ admire only their personal beauty. Nor is  
“ it hard to prove, Callias, that gods and  
“ heroes have always had more passion and  
“ esteem for the charms of the soul, than those  
“ of the body: at least, this seems to have  
“ been the opinion of our ancient authors.  
“ For we may observe in the fables of anti-  
“ quity, that Jupiter, who loved several mor-  
“ tals upon the account of their personal beau-  
“ ty only, never conferred upon them immor-  
“ tality. Whereas it was otherwise with Her-  
“ cules, Castor, Pollux, and several others;  
“ for having admired and applauded the great-  
“ ness of their courage, and the beauty of their  
“ minds, he inrolled them in the number of the  
“ gods. And whatever some affirm to the con-  
“ trary of Ganymede, I take it, he was car-  
“ ried up to heaven from mount Olympus,  
“ not for the beauty of his body, but that of  
“ his mind. At least, his name seems to con-  
“ firm my opinion, which in the Greek seems  
“ to express as much as, *to take pleasure in*  
“ *good counsel, and in the practice of wisdom.*  
“ When Homer represents Achilles so glori-

"ously revenging the death of Patroclus, it  
 "was not properly the passion of love that  
 "produced that noble resentment, but that  
 "pure friendship and esteem he had for his  
 "partner in arms. Why is it, that the memo-  
 "ry of Pylades and Orestes, Theseus and Pe-  
 "rithous, and other demy-gods, are to this  
 "day so highly celebrated? Was it for the  
 "love of the body, think you? No! by no  
 "means: it was the particular esteem and  
 "friendship they had for one another, and  
 "the mutual assistance every one gave to his  
 "friend, in those renowned and immortal  
 "enterprizes, which are to this day the sub-  
 "ject of our histories and hymns. And, pray,  
 "who are they, that performed those glorious  
 "actions? Not they that abandoned them-  
 "selves to pleasure, but they that thirsted af-  
 "ter glory; and who, to acquire that glory,  
 "underwent the severest toils, and almost  
 "insuperable difficulties.

"You are then infinitely obliged to the  
 "gods, Callias, who have inspired you with

“ love and friendship for Autolicus, as they  
“ have inspired Critobulus with the same for  
“ Amandra; for real and pure friendship  
“ knows no difference in sexes. It is certain  
“ Autolicus has the most ardent passion for  
“ glory; since, in order to carry the prize at  
“ the Olympic games, and be proclaimed vi-  
“ ctor by the heralds, with sound of trumpet,  
“ as he lately was, he must needs have under-  
“ gone numberless hardships, and the greatest  
“ fatigues: for no less was required towards  
“ \* gaining the victory in so many different  
“ exercises. But if he proposes to himself, as  
“ I am sure he does, to acquire further glory,  
“ to become an ornament to his family, be-  
“ neficent to his friends, to extend the limits  
“ of his country by his valour, and by all  
“ honest endeavours to gain the esteem of  
“ Barbarians, as well as Greeks; do not  
“ you believe he will always have the greatest  
“ value for one, who, he believes, may be use-

\* There were five exercises, leaping, running, throw-  
ing the javelin, fighting with the whirebat, and wrest-  
ling, and the victor was to conquer in them all.

“ ful and assistant to him in so noble a design ?  
“ If you would then prove acceptable, Cal-  
“ lias, to any one you love, you ought to  
“ consider and imitate those methods by  
“ which Themistocles rose to the first digni-  
“ ties of the state, and acquired the glorious  
“ title of, THE DELIVERER OF GREECE;  
“ the methods by which Pericles acquired  
“ that consummate wisdom, which proved so  
“ beneficial, and brought immortal honour  
“ to his native country. You ought to pon-  
“ der well how it was, that Solon became the  
“ lawgiver to this republic of Athens, and by  
“ what honourable means the Lacedaemoni-  
“ ans have arrived to such wonderful skill in  
“ the art of war : and this last you may easily  
“ acquire, by entertaining, as you do, at your  
“ house, some of the most accomplished Spar-  
“ tans. When you have sufficiently ponder-  
“ ed all these things, and imprinted those no-  
“ ble images upon your mind, doubt not but  
“ your country will, some time or other, court  
“ you to accept the reins of government,  
“ you having already the advantage of a no-

“ ble birth, and that important office of high-  
“ priest, which gives you greater lustre al-  
“ ready, than any of your renowned ance-  
“ stors could ever boast of. And let me add  
“ that air of greatness, which shines in your  
“ person, and that strength and vigour that  
“ is lodged in so handsom a body, capable of  
“ the severest toils, and the most difficult en-  
“ terprizes.”

Socrates, having said all this to Callias, addressed himself to the company, and said;  
“ I know very well, this discourse is too se-  
“ rious for a feast; but you will not be sur-  
“ prized, when you consider, that our com-  
“ monwealth has been always fond of those  
“ who, to the goodness of their natural tem-  
“ per, have added an indefatigable search after  
“ glory and virtue. And in this fondness of  
“ mine for such men, I but imitate the ge-  
“ nius of my country.”

After this, the company began to entertain one another upon the subject of this last discourse of Socrates, when Callias, with a modest blush in his face, addressed himself to him;

You must then lend me, said he, the assistance of your art, to which you gave such a surprising name\* a while ago, to render me acceptable to the commonwealth, and that when it shall please my country to intrust me with the care of its affairs, I may so behave myself, as to preserve its good opinion, and never do any thing but what tends to the public good.

“ You will certainly suc-

ceed; do not doubt it, *The method of*

“ said Socrates. You must *becoming agree-*

“ apply yourself in good *able to a state,*

“ earnest to virtue, and not *and of acquiring*

“ content yourself, as some *a lasting reputa-*

“ people do, with the ap- *tion.*

“ pearance of it only, as if

“ that might suffice. For know, Callias, that

“ false glory can never subsist long. Flat-

“ tery or dissimulation may for a while var-

“ nish over such a rotten structure; but it

“ must tumble down at last. On the contrary,

“ solid glory will always maintain its post;

“ unless God, for some secret reasons, hid

L 4

\* PROCURING.

“ from us, think fit to oppose its progress :  
 “ otherwise, that sublime virtue, which e-  
 “ very man of honour should aim at, does na-  
 “ turally reflect back upon him such rays of  
 “ glory, as grow brighter and brighter every  
 “ day, in proportion as his virtue rises high-  
 “ er and higher.”

The discourse being ended, Autolicus rose  
 to take a walk, and his father, following him,  
 turned towards Socrates, and said; Socrates, I  
 must declare my opinion, that you are a truly  
 honest man.

After this, there was an el-

*The loves of* bow chair brought into the  
*Ariadne and* middle of the room, and the  
*Bacchus.* Syracusan appearing at the

same time ; Gentlemen, said  
 he, Ariadne is just now entering, and Bac-  
 chus, who has made a debauch to-day with  
 the gods, is coming down to wait upon her ;  
 and I can assure you, they will both divert  
 the company, and one another. Immediately  
 Ariadne entered the room, richly dressed, in  
 the habit of a bride, and placed herself in the

elbow-chair. A little after, Bacchus appeared, while at the same time the girl, that played on the flute, struck up an air, that used to be sung at the festival of that god. It was then that the Syracusan was admired for an excellent master in his art: for Ariadne, being perfectly well instructed in her part, failed not to show, by her pretty insinuating manner, that she was touched with the air of the music; and that though she rose not from her chair to meet her lover, she yet expressed sufficiently the great desire she had to do it. Bacchus, perceiving it, came on dancing toward her, in the most passionate manner, then sat himself down on her lap, and taking her in his arms, kissed her. As for Ariadne, she personated to the life a bride's modesty, and for a while, looking down to the ground, appeared in the greatest confusion: but, at length, recovering herself, she threw her arms about her lover's neck, and returned his kisses. All the company expressed the great satisfaction the performance gave them; and indeed nothing could be better acted, nor ac-

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accompanied with more grace in the acting. But when Bacchus rose, and took Ariadne by the hand, to lead her out, they were still more pleased; for the pretty couple appeared to embrace and kiss one another after a much more feeling manner, than is generally acted on the stage. Then Bacchus, addressing himself to Ariadne, said, "Dost thou love me, my dearest creature? Yes, yes, answered she, let me die, if I do not; and will love thee to the last moment of my life." In fine, the performance was so lively and natural, that the company came to be fully convinced of what they never dreamed of before; that the little boy and girl were really in love with one another: which occasioned both the married guests, and some of those that were not, to take horse immediately, and ride back full speed to Athens, with the briskest resolutions imaginable. I know not what happened afterwards; but for Socrates, and some who staid behind, they went a walking with Lycon, Autolicus, and Callias.

THE END.

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